

The Sketch



No. 141.—VOL. XI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE COUNTESS ANNESLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

In a neglected drawer of my writing-table I lighted on a singular object. It was a small bean, reposing on a piece of paper torn from a letter. I could distinguish the words ". . . soon acclimatised, and will jump . . . quite lively." Then I remembered: it was the Jumping Bean; a friend had sent it as a curiosity from the Earl's Court Exhibition, but it had been damaged in the post. Some thoughtless official had stamped the life out of the insect in the bean with the arbitrary sign-manual of the postal district. I had waited for it to jump, and it had not jumped; so it was put away in the drawer as an entomological relique, and forgotten. Looking at it again after a few moments, I was surprised by a change in its aspect. It seemed larger; there was a rustle of the paper; the thing began to move; that fell blow of the Post Office had not killed it after all; no doubt it was acclimatised at last, and would jump presently . . . quite lively. But, instead of jumping, it grew visibly—an inch, a foot, several feet, taking a quaintly human shape, with a yellow waistcoat and maize-coloured hair. Then it jumped from the table to the floor, and tapped me affably on the shoulder.

"This—this beats the fairy Beanstalk!" I gasped.

"Well, I come from that stalk," said the Bean, helping himself to one of my cigarettes; "that is, by lineal descent, you know. Good old stalk! It would be thought a little slow nowadays. Well, are you ready to start?"

"Start?"

"Yes," said the Bean. "I have been rather cramped in that drawer of yours, and want exercise badly." As he spoke, he jumped over the table and several chairs. "So come along."

"I can't. I have a page to write for *The Sketch*."

The Bean looked over my shoulder; taking the pen from my hand, he drew it through the word "fly" in the quotation at the head of the article, and wrote "jump" instead. "There," said he, "that's much better. The other is a corruption of the text."

The next moment, by an unaccountable impulse, I jumped out of my chair, clean into space!

We found ourselves presently in a city of India. Mosque and minaret shone white in the moonlight; a stately palace, with many arches, rose from the gleaming waters of a lake; along the shore glowed hundreds of coloured lamps, mingling their rays with the moonbeams in the wave; boats glided hither and thither, laden with laughing throngs; down an old street came a troop of elephants; in the open-fronted shops picturesque workmen were deftly modelling ornaments; a crash of brazen instruments fell upon the ear.

"Benares," I murmured.

"Kiralfy," said the Bean.

High above our heads slowly moved a portent which seemed like a revolving procession of the planets. It turned and turned in a huge circle, symbol of a remorseless monotony, an illuminated Ennui. "Here," I said, "is the Wheel of Life, with its round of small emotions, its recurring ups and downs; and yet the multitude make a plaything of this mechanical repetition."

"Mighty poor philosophy," remarked the Bean. "You pessimists always assume that the world has only one pair of eyes—the pair through which each of you condescends to examine the universe. Now, at this moment I am struck by the endless variety of existence. There's nothing like jumping!" He was gone in an instant, and reappeared as quickly.

"I have taken a skip across the lake and back," he explained.

"Rather silly!"

"Ah, but you haven't been kept in a drawer!"

Just then two voices were heard in high debate. I recognised my friends, Castor and Pollux, the Twin-Brethren of dramatic criticism, engaged in an unbrotherly dispute over "Romeo and Juliet": Castor, grave, sombre, Scandinavian, austere dry-nurse of our drama, dispensing slaps and sweetmeats with unswerving integrity; Pollux, alert, sceptical, epicurean, serving disdain as a delicate *entrée* on silver plate.

"You hear them," said the Bean, "quarrelling over a play as if it were an actual transaction."

"It's fratricidal," I said; "but I am most astonished at Pollux. Who would have expected to find in him the dreamy rhapsodist, mixing up Shakspeare and Maeterlinck, as if you could treat Romeo and Juliet like Péleas and Mélisande? He says Shakspeare's lovers are two helpless children. Clandestine marriage and a rope ladder are not signs of helplessness. Romeo is madly in love with Juliet because, as he tells the Friar, she is the first woman who has returned his advances. Before that, he mopes for Rosaline, who will not have him; now he is all afire with impatience, eager to brave twenty swords under Juliet's balcony. To say that such a lover must be played in a sort of hypnotic trance, that Juliet, the embodied ecstasy of young passion, is a dazed child, frightened of the dark, to compare the full-blooded tragedy of Shakspeare with the subdued, shadowy, unearthly horror of Maeterlinck, is an extraordinary confusion of ideas."

"So, so! there is still some interest in life," said the Bean. "This must be stimulated."

We were in front of a shop where a crowd stood craning necks to watch some entertainment that was almost invisible. Pressing nearer, I saw on the ledge three beans on a slip of paper, performing like tumblers on a carpet.

"My kinsmen," whispered the Bean, as he slipped two of them into my pocket. "You can keep them in the drawer, too. They will be excellent companions when you are feeling low and literary."

"Let us go and eat," I said desperately.

"Thank you, no. I have the simple tastes of a weevil." He nibbled at his hand in a most unpleasant way. I believe he was munching the third bean! "Besides, we must be jumping."

It must have been a pretty long jump, for we stood looking over a hedge at a trimly kept lawn, set for croquet. Hard by was a parsonage, its trellised porch covered with honeysuckle; through an open window I could discern a table laid for tea, with a seed-cake, and home-made jam in a glass dish. The clock of the village church struck four. On the lawn were several young ladies, in various attitudes of impatience. A young man in a blazer, who seemed to be a visitor, yawned, and turned his back on the company now and then, to glance furtively at a newspaper, the colour of which was pink.

"Why should we wait any longer?" said one of the young ladies.

"Oh, we cannot begin yet!" exclaimed another. "I wonder, Lucy, that you should suggest it. We must not play till Mr. Muffinworthy comes."

"Does he say grace before croquet?" asked the young man.

"Don't be flippant, Archibald! It is the Rev. Mr. Muffinworthy's duty to play croquet with the rector's daughters, and it is not their duty to play without him. Papa's curates are generally so obedient that this lapse of Mr. Muffinworthy is quite unaccountable. He must be severely reproved."

"Oh, don't scold him!" said another girl, who then blushed furiously.

"Jane, I am surprised at you. Even if he does play divinely on the flute, that is no reason why—"

Here there was an interruption. Two figures came through the gate, and were hailed with cries of "There you are! Where have you been? Such a shame to keep us waiting like this!"

One of the new-comers, a little man with wispy hair and a nervous manner, said, "Very sorry, I'm sure—er—I was detained by important business."

"Indeed!" said the ladies stiffly.

"Very important—er—let me introduce my friend Mr. Fyrebrand, one of our—er—foremost champions."

"Eh? What?" said Archibald, looking up from the pink newspaper. "What's your game, sir?"

Mr. Fyrebrand was the most determined-looking curate I have ever seen. Waving his hand disdainfully at the croquet-rings, he said, "Ladies, we have done with this."

"Slow, isn't it?" interjected Archibald. "A round with the gloves is more like your form."

"The slavery of curates is at an end," continued Mr. Fyrebrand. "Shall I tell you why Mr. Muffinworthy is late for this—this degrading pastime? He and I have been forming a branch of the Curates' Union in the schoolroom."

"Hurrah!" (from Archibald). "They do say the Curates' Union is a branch of the P.R."

"Sir, the Curates' Union intends to strike off our fetters. We will no longer be enslaved by petticoats, and cozened by sweetstuff." He pointed through the window at the seed-cake and the jam.

"Yes—er—not quite so strong, Fyrebrand," murmured his companion.

"Muffinworthy, be a man! Say you refuse to be croqueted and seed-caked!"

"Quite so—er—very sorry, ladies, but we must carry the banner, you know, the banner of—er—freedom."

"Bravo, Muffinworthy!" cried Archibald. "But not the banner; you will pipe the slogan on the flute!"

"Really, Mr. Muffinworthy," said the eldest of the ladies, "this disgraceful scene must end. As for your friend here, I wonder you are not ashamed to bring such a person. Tell him that papa's curates are not demagogues!"

"Not at all—er—I assure you," stammered the reverend gentleman. "We stand by our rights—er—Fyrebrand's language a little—er—in excess—"

"Don't fall now, like a miserable bondsman," broke in the other curate.

"Certainly not—er—"

"Adolphus!" It was the voice of Jane, followed by a burst of tears.

"Jane, how can you?" chimed her sisters. "Remember you are a rector's daughter."

"Jane!" cried Adolphus, rushing to her side. "Good afternoon—er—Fyrebrand. I think the next meeting of the—er—branch—had better be postponed."

"Craven!" muttered the agitator, as he watched the halting form of the renegade, clinging to the weeping Jane, and led away to the seed-cake and the jam.

"How can you say now that life has no thrill?" said the Bean. "What is 'Romeo and Juliet' to this? But we must be jumping."

Back in my chair, I find this surprising narrative already written. How it has happened, I do not know: but I have shut the drawer without learning whether my stock of cannibal weevils, with a turn for optimistic philosophy, has been increased.

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UNITED AFRICAN COLLIERIES, LIMITED.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to purchase the collieries and coal belonging to the United African Lands, Limited, and known as the Eikeboom Collieries, which have been worked for over three years, and are now in full work, and rapidly improving in value; also to purchase from the said company the coal lying under the farms called Eikeboom, Good Hope, and Arensfontein. The total area of the three farms is about 14,136 acres, and the manager of the United African Lands, Limited, estimates the quantity of coal under the three farms at eighty million (80,000,000) tons, which, on a daily output of 1000 tons for 300 working-days in the year, would last for 260 years.

In January last the directors of the United African Lands, Limited, appointed Mr. W. F. Crawford, A.M.I.C.E., the well-known colliery engineer in Johannesburg, to report on the Eikeboom Collieries, and a full copy of his report will be found herewith. At the time of Mr. Crawford's visit the United African Lands, Limited, did not own the farms Good Hope and Arensfontein, therefore Mr. Crawford's report was confined to Eikeboom. Amongst other statements, Mr. Crawford says:—

The collieries are about 12 miles from the rising town of Middelburg.

He estimates the quantity of coal under the Farm Eikeboom alone at 29,000,000 (twenty-nine millions) tons of coal.

That the seam of coal being worked is 10 ft. 6 1/2 in. (ten feet six-and-a-half inches) in thickness.

That the colliery is drained by gravitation.

The following is a copy of an analysis made by Dr. J. Leovy, Analytical Chemist, of Johannesburg, for the United African Lands, Limited.

Ash	Volatile matter	Carbon	Coke	Sulphur	5.8 per cent.
					22.34
					68.9 "
					74.7 "
					trace.

Mr. Crawford states that the coal may be taken as almost equal to good English coal, and that the absence of sulphur is most important.

The following additional analyses have been made for the same company by Mr. J. C. Butterfield, F.I.C., F.C.S., Chemist and Metallurgical Engineer, of 13, Victoria Street, Westminster.

	House.	Steam.	Nuts.
Volatile matter (gas, &c.) per cent.	30.86	26.12	22.34
Ash	7.68	7.64	10.06
Moisture	3.26	3.46	3.80
Carbon	58.20	62.78	63.80
	100.00	100.00	100.00
Sulphur	1.69	.50	1.43

These analyses speak for themselves, and confirm reports made by the manager of the United African Lands, Limited, that there is no better coal worked in the Transvaal.

Mr. Crawford estimates that it will cost £30,000 to make and equip a tramway from the collieries to join the railway from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria. The surveys of this tramway are in hand, and the directors propose to commence the construction immediately after allotment, when the coal will be sent direct to customers, and for shipment at Delagoa Bay without the heavy expense of cartage.

According to the accounts furnished by the manager of the United African Lands, Limited, the profit on the coal at the present time is 10s. per ton at the pit mouth; therefore, taking this figure as a basis for calculation, and that the company can raise 500 tons of coal per day (see Mr. Crawford's report), the figures work out as under—

500 tons at 10s. per ton £250 per day.
300 working days £75,000 per annum.

It is estimated that the tramway can be in full work in about three months from date of contract.

The surveys have been completed.

The statements of fact in this prospectus are based (where not otherwise expressed) upon information supplied by the directors and secretary of the United African Lands, Limited.

UNITED AFRICAN COLLIERIES, LIMITED.

The following contracts have been entered into: (1) Between the United African Lands, Limited, of the one part, and the Mines and Lands Search Company, Limited (the promoters), of the other part, and dated Sept. 18, 1895; (2) between the Mines and Lands Search Company, Limited, of the one part, and William Frederick Howard, as trustee for the company, of the other part, and dated Sept. 19, 1895; and (3) between the Mines and Lands Search Company, Limited, of the first part, William Frederick Howard, of the second part, and the United African Collieries, Limited, of the third part, and dated Oct. 3, 1895.

These contracts, with the memorandum and articles of association, may, while the lists are open, be inspected by intending applicants at the offices of the company's solicitors.

The company is promoted by the Mines and Lands Search Company, Limited, who are re-selling at a profit, and who pay all the costs, charges, and expenses of and incidental to the formation of the company other than the registration fee and the solicitors' charges.

The purchase price has been fixed by the promoting company at £125,000, payable as to £10,000 in cash and the balance in cash or shares at the option of the directors of this company.

The promoters have reserved the right to enter into, and have entered into, arrangements with third parties with reference to the expenses of and incidental to the formation and registration of the company, and the subscription of its capital, to none of which the company is a party. Such arrangements may, however, constitute contracts within the meaning of the 38th section of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants for shares must, therefore, be deemed to have had notice of the said arrangements, and to have waived any further disclosure, and any fuller compliance with the said section with reference thereto, or otherwise, and allotment will only be made on this express condition.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, or in the advertisements, and forwarded to the company's bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. If no allotment is made, the amount remitted on application will be returned at once without deduction. If the number of shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus application-money will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, so far as necessary, and any balance will be returned.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Secretary, Bankers, and Solicitors of the Company.

No. 20, Bucklersbury, London, E.C., Oct. 3, 1895.

A RECORD RAILWAY RUN.

The recent railway-race to Scotland made an excellent record, but it is not so good as the run which was made on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad from New York City to Buffalo. The London-Aberdeen record resulted in an average of $63\frac{1}{4}$ miles per hour, but the run to Buffalo—which is a distance of $436\frac{1}{2}$ miles—was done in 407 minutes, or an average of $64\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. This route is the leading railroad between New York and Chicago, and one that is in much favour with travellers from the Old World. The run was made in order to determine if it were possible to speed a train between those two cities at an average rate of a mile a minute.

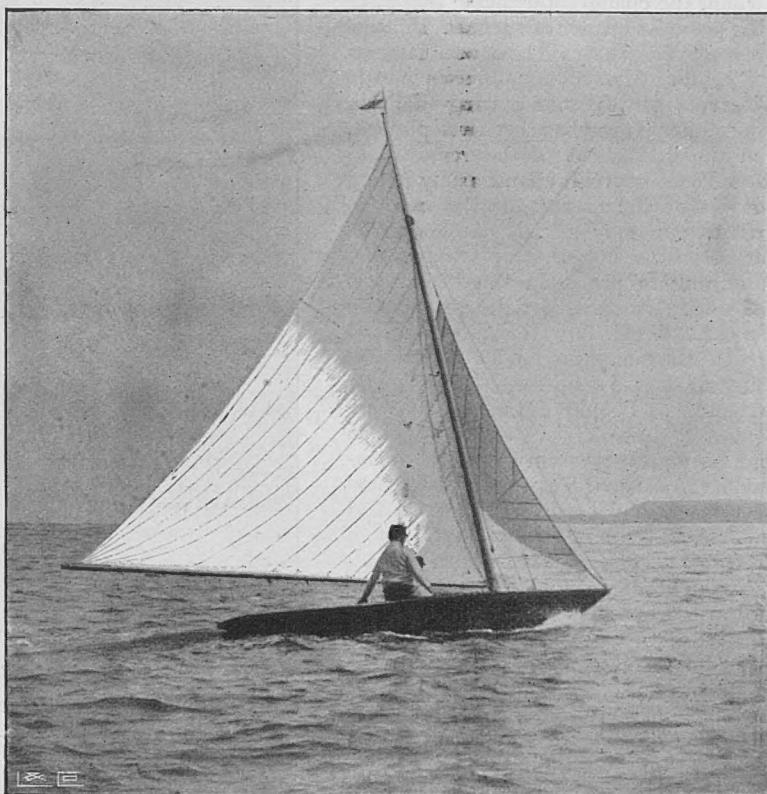
The Americans naturally feel somewhat elated over this achievement, and it is stated that within a few months a train will run from New York to Buffalo on this, if not faster, schedule time. On the morning of Sept. 11, a train, composed of locomotive No. 870 and four heavy cars, similar in make-up to the famous Empire Express, left the Grand Central Depôt at 5 hours 40 min. 30 sec. Albany was reached at 7 hours 54 min. 55 sec., thus making 143 miles in 135 min. Here a stop of $1\frac{1}{2}$ min. was made to change engines, and at 7 hours 56 min. 45 sec. a.m. the train, now drawn by the famous World's Fair engine "999," was speeding westward towards the beautiful Mohawk Valley. Syracuse was reached at 10 hours 17 min. 10 sec., 148 miles having been made in 140 min. and 35 sec.; 2 min. 25 sec. were consumed changing engines, and then at 10 hours 19 min. 35 sec. again the record-breaker was heading for the West, drawn by locomotive No. 903. From Syracuse to Buffalo, $145\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the run was made in 135 min. 22 sec.

There are many things to be taken into consideration in a comparison between rapid travelling in America and England. In the latter the average weight of the train making the record between London and Aberdeen was between 105 and 120 tons, whereas the weight of the Empire State Express is 250 tons. On the English railways, the road-bed is comparatively level, with no grade crossings, and the tracks in the towns or cities either depressed or elevated. In the States, less attention is paid to gradients, and all roads, or nearly all, pass through the heart of towns or villages, and often along the principal thoroughfares. In Syracuse, for over two miles, the tracks run through one of the leading thoroughfares, and, on the occasion of the passage of the record-breaker, the street crossings were guarded by extra flagmen and policemen, and the distance, which usually occupies ten minutes to make by ordinary trains, was on this occasion made in less than two minutes. Grade crossings, too, have to be watched, but, on this occasion, the sharp whistle of the locomotive was no sooner heard than the train had passed, and the ringing of the locomotive bell could hardly be heard.

The New York Central authorities, it is said, are now determined to put on a train which can make and maintain an average speed of sixty-five miles an hour, making allowance for time lost while changing locomotives and slowing down while passing through towns and cities. The commercial importance of these trials of speed on the great thoroughfares of Europe and America can scarcely be estimated. The shortening of the distance between great commercial centres is of vast importance to the merchant, the manufacturer, and all classes of the community. With the transatlantic voyage reduced to almost five days, and Chicago within twenty-four hours of New York, one is made to realise that the close of the nineteenth century is the age in which to live.

ANOTHER AMERICAN CHAMPION YACHT.

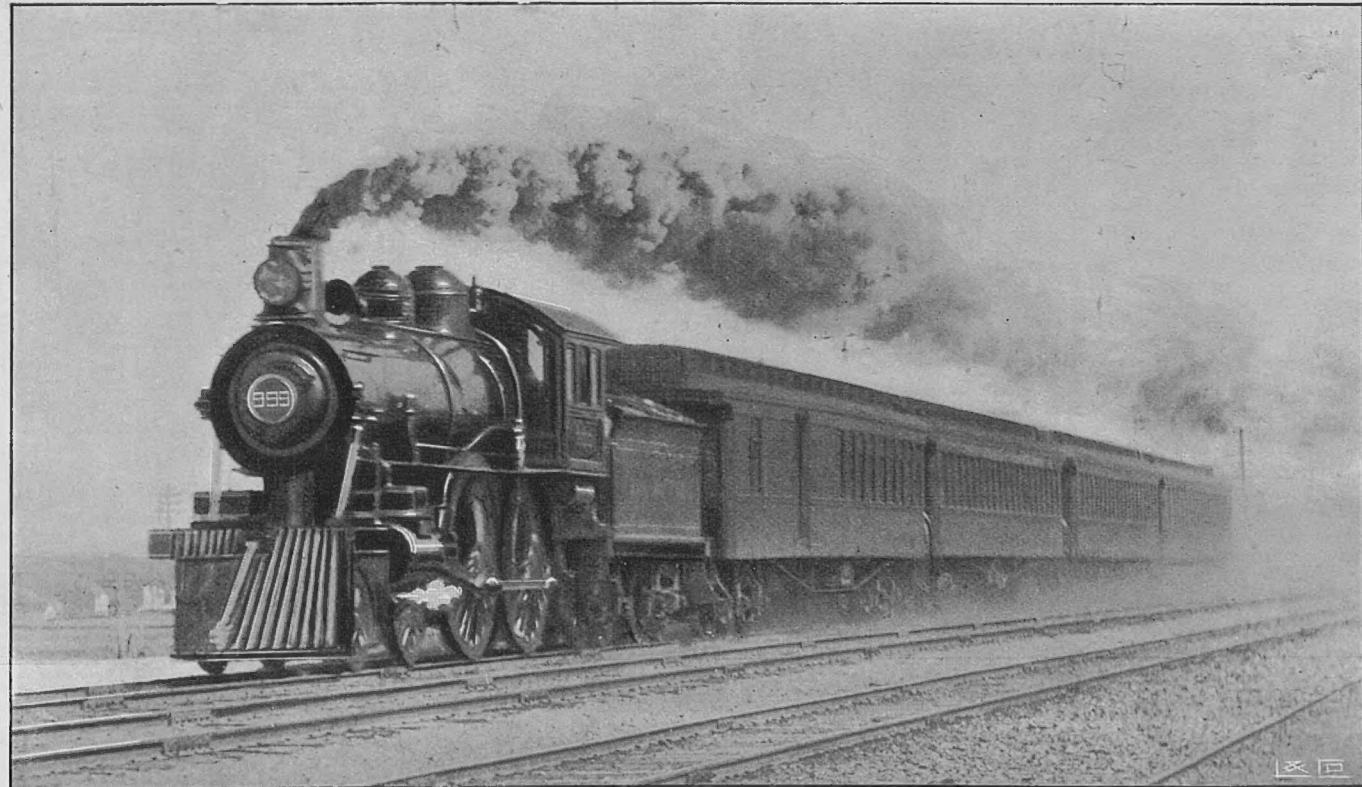
English yachtsmen have suffered another blow, for in the race for half-raters for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club's Challenge Cup, the American yacht, Ethel Wynn, beat Mr. Brand's Spruce IV. by 10 min. 41 sec., thus winning three races out of the series of five. Mr. Brand won the toss, and selected a triangular course, which had to



THE ETHEL WYNN.

be covered twice, the total distance being twelve miles. During the race, which was again sailed on outside waters, the wind dropped from seven miles an hour to four miles an hour. The Ethel Wynn crossed the line first, and gradually increased her lead from start to finish. The following are the official times of the race—

	ETHEL WYNN.	SPRUCE IV.
Start	12 hours 45 min. 30 sec.	12 hours 45 min. 37 sec.
First mark	1 hour 37 min. 37 sec.	1 hour 39 min. 52 sec.
Second mark	2 hours 3 min. 40 sec.	2 hours 6 min. 40 sec.
Third mark	2 hours 33 min. 38 sec.	2 hours 37 min. 48 sec.
Fourth mark	3 hours 23 min. 19 sec.	3 hours 31 min. 7 sec.
Fifth mark	3 hours 47 min. 50 sec.	3 hours 55 min. 37 sec.
Finish	4 hours 15 min. 9 sec.	4 hours 25 min. 50 sec.



ENGINE NO. 999.

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. P. YATES, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

"AN ARTIST'S MODEL."

One is compelled to admire the energy and ingenuity of Mr. George Edwardes. After the "first night" of "An Artist's Model," many prophesied that the stupidity and vulgarity of the book would be fatal; yet here it is, eight months later, running gaily, despite even the perils of a transplanting. It is to the popular manager that one attributes the promptness with which the changes were made that gave the piece its chance of success. In some respects failure would have been lamentable, for Mr. Sidney Jones's music deserves more than one hearing—indeed, the audience must have been well pleased, on the first night of the removal, to receive as souvenirs handsomely bound copies of the clever vocal score. To what, one may ask, is success to be attributed, seeing that one cannot find anything to praise in the book? for, excellent as it is, Mr. Sidney Jones's work has hardly the "Il Flauto Magico" force of triumphing under difficulties. The answer is simple—the company triumphs. People often say that we ought to have a Conservatoire, yet, so far as my observation goes, it is commoner to see poor plays succeed by good playing than clever pieces fail from bad acting, and "An Artist's Model" is in point. What would have been its success the other night without the delightful work of Miss Letty Lind, whose skill as *disease* seems to increase nightly, the delightful singing of M. Maurice Farkoa, whose "Laughing Song" might make a mummy smile, and the extraordinary dancing of Mr. Fred Wright junior, who gives the idea that he has borrowed a pair of legs and does not care how much he risks them? Of course, these three are not alone to be praised. The singing of Miss Marie Tempest deserves even warmer

applause than it receives, and the voice and method of Mr. Hayden Coffin suit his work admirably. What a pity it is that he cannot see himself as others see him, and modify his unintentionally comic gestures in the "Volunteer Song." One might believe that he is caricaturing Miss Cissie Loftus's caricature of him. It is to be hoped that Miss Mimi St. Cyr soon will have a dance better fitted to her delightful languorous style than the imitation French steps now given to her.

In collecting his bevy of beauties for the piece, Mr. Edwardes has been compelled to confer "thinking parts" upon several ladies who are worthy of better things. Miss Kate Cannon is one of these ladies. I recollect her under the Grace Hawthorne management at the Princess's, in "Black-Eyed Susan" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and in several of the Gaiety productions. She has played many small parts, and played them well, so that I should not be surprised if, at any time, a stroke of luck brought her quite to the front.

CLOWNS AS CRICKETERS.

A curious cricket match was played last week in the Baseball Park, Telford Avenue, when a number of prominent music-hall artists, dressed as clowns, met the "Gentlemen from Covent Garden Market." The music-hall takes a warm interest in Covent Garden, for did not Mr. Gus Elen sketch the portrait of Mr. Jack Jones, who "dunno where 'e are"? The Gentlemen of Covent Garden Market have now a pretty clear idea as to where they are, for they were defeated by the Clowns. Mr. R. G. game, is very keen on baseball, which



MISS KATE CANNON.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Knowles, who took part in the game, is very keen on baseball, which

Eugene Stratton. James Norrie. Edwin Boyde. Adolphus Trissider. Fred Griffiths. R. G. Knowles. Willie Boissett.



Sam Poluski.

Harry Tate.

Joe Griffiths.

Charles Godfrey.

Dan Leno.

Charles Gray.

Alfred Boissett.

CLOWN CRICKETERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANG-SIMS, BRIXTON ROAD, S.W.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen has made no very long excursions during her present residence at Balmoral, as it is now thought prudent for her Majesty to get back from her afternoon drive before the sun goes down and the air becomes cold. Formerly, the Queen was in the habit of remaining out in an open carriage until nearly eight o'clock. This week her Majesty is expected to pay her annual visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, when she will probably be accompanied to Mar Lodge by the Empress Eugénie.

During the autumn, a considerable amount of work has been done at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, it being a regular rule that a certain number of rooms and corridors shall be renovated and re-decorated each year at both places.

The lake in the grounds at Frogmore was netted the other day, when a great number of perch, tench, and pike were caught, most of which were put into the Thames. It is possible that the lake may be drained, and the bed converted into a garden and shrubbery, which would be an improvement, besides rendering Frogmore a far more healthy abode than it is at present. It is now dreadfully damp, and fires have to be constantly kept burning in the Prince Consort's mausoleum, in order to prevent the splendid decorations from being entirely spoiled. Frogmore

The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg are to arrive at Clarence House from Germany at the end of the month, and will stay in England for three weeks. They are to be the guests of the Queen at Windsor Castle, and of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. The Duke will pay one or two visits in Devonshire and Cornwall before returning to Germany.

Although at this season of the year the trail of the tourist is over all the land, it may be safely affirmed that no single stretch of English scenery offers for his enjoyment a more liberal combination of literary interest and natural beauty than the Lake District. Any region associated with such giants of literature as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and De Quincey, would be a centre for devout pilgrimages, but the intermingled grandeur and glamour of mountain-side and lake scenery, which render this neighbourhood so fascinating, draw thither all sorts and conditions of men, beside the scholar. The illustration of Wray Castle, given on this page, is one of a charming set of views which forms the *Album* supplement for next Monday. This is the second supplement which the *Album* has devoted to the Lakes. It includes beautiful views of Windermere, Keswick, Furness Abbey, Ambleside, and the River Duddon.

Mr. George Saintsbury's appointment to the Chair of English Literature at Edinburgh is some consolation for Bannockburn, and for

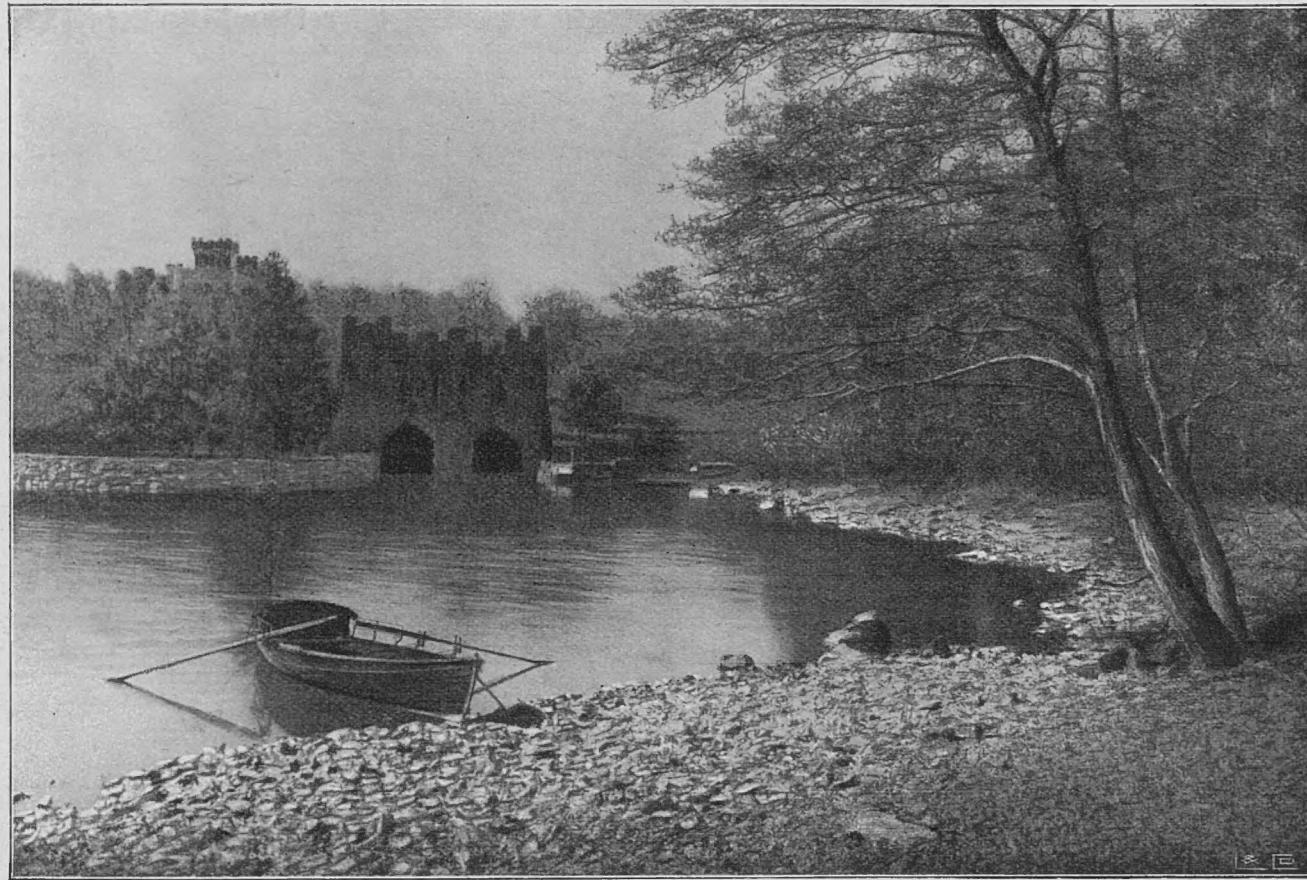


Photo by Green, Grasmere.

WRAY CASTLE, WINDERMERE.

FROM THE SUPPLEMENT TO "THE ALBUM," "THE ENGLISH LAKES—SECOND SERIES," PUBLISHED OCT. 14.

House was the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales for the winter after their marriage, and the Duke of Clarence was born there. It was subsequently the abode of Prince and Princess Christian, until they were given Cumberland Lodge. It is understood that the Queen wishes to grant the place to Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, in order that they may have a residence at Windsor after her own death; but, as Frogmore is Crown property, there may be some difficulty in arranging this. It is a comfortable, old-fashioned house, and the grounds are very pretty, but it is rather gloomy, and certainly not healthy.

The royal keepers were out in Windsor Great Park early on the morning of Oct. 1, and shot a few brace of pheasants, which were sent off to Balmoral by the day mail. There will be no regular shooting in the royal preserves until the end of the month, when the Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge will commence the slaughter.

Prince Henry of Battenberg's schooner, the Sheila, has returned to Cowes from Scotland, and is now laid up for the winter. Prince Henry intends to take the Sheila to the Mediterranean early in the spring for a couple of months.

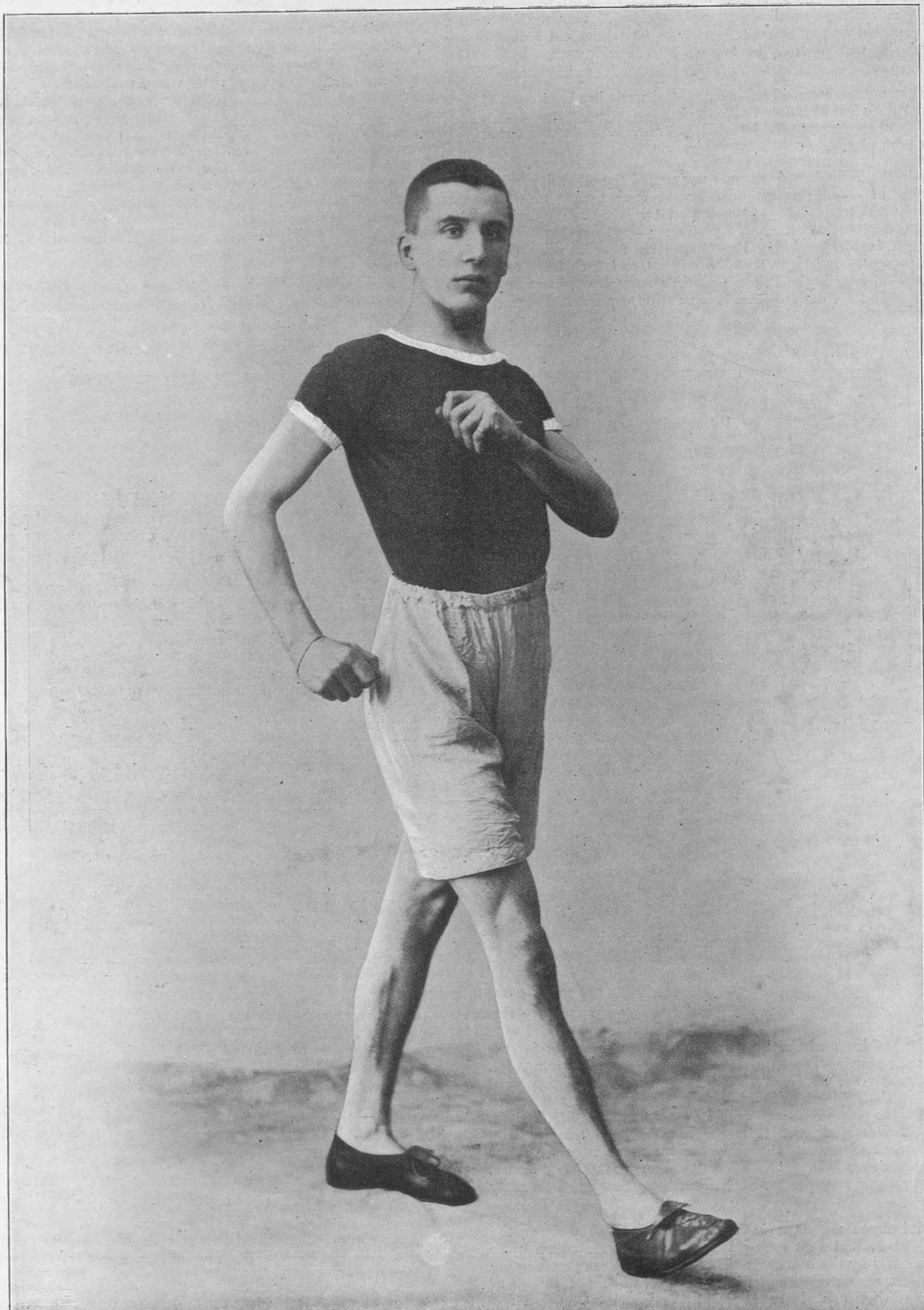
The Prince of Wales is to be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth for a few days early in December, when there will be a series of battues on the estate.

the Scotch invasion of England which has been going on ever since. Mr. Saintsbury ought to make a triumphal entry into Edinburgh, with a brass band powerful enough to drown any discontented bagpipes. Mr. Saintsbury ought to make an admirable Professor, because of the catholicity of his views. His knowledge is vast. He is probably the only man in the kingdom who has read all Balzac, not only the "Comédie Humaine," but everything Balzac wrote in the ten years of his probation.

Miss Lenore Snyder, the American vocalist who was for a time leading lady at the Savoy, is returning to the light-opera stage in her native country, after a further long and serious course of study. At the Savoy Miss Snyder was never quite in a line with her predecessors in the company.

There is talk of the fair and popular Miss Lillian Russell appearing by-and-by in a new opera with a very interesting subject. It is to be named "Peg Woffington," and Miss Russell would, of course, play the part of that famous actress. The librettist will have a hard task if he wishes to make his "book" even a tenth as good as Charles Reade and Tom Taylor's delightful play "Masks and Faces." The subject, however, is a fascinating one.

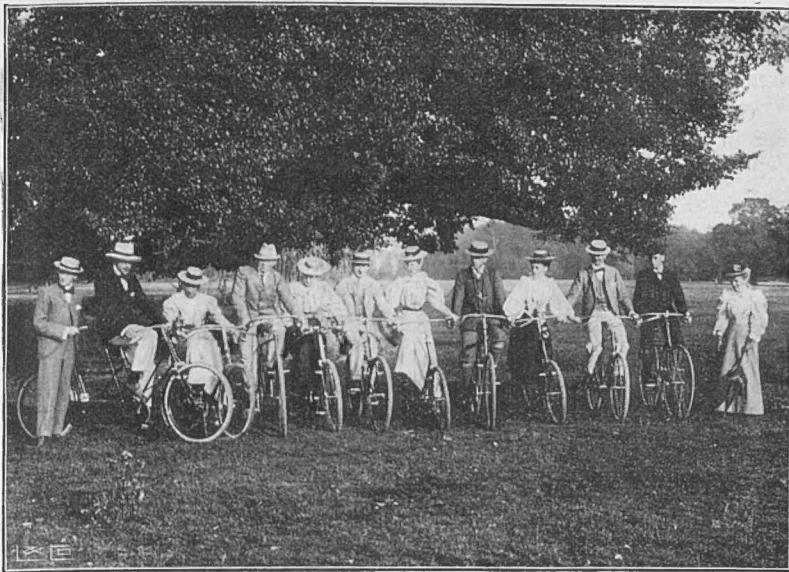
The latest thing in magazines is the *Billiard Review*, a sixpenny monthly, edited by Mr. John Roberts.



W. J. STURGESS, AMATEUR CHAMPION PEDESTRIAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

A bicycling picnic was lately held, by permission of Lord Howard of Effingham, at Lusmore Beeches. The lady cyclists were



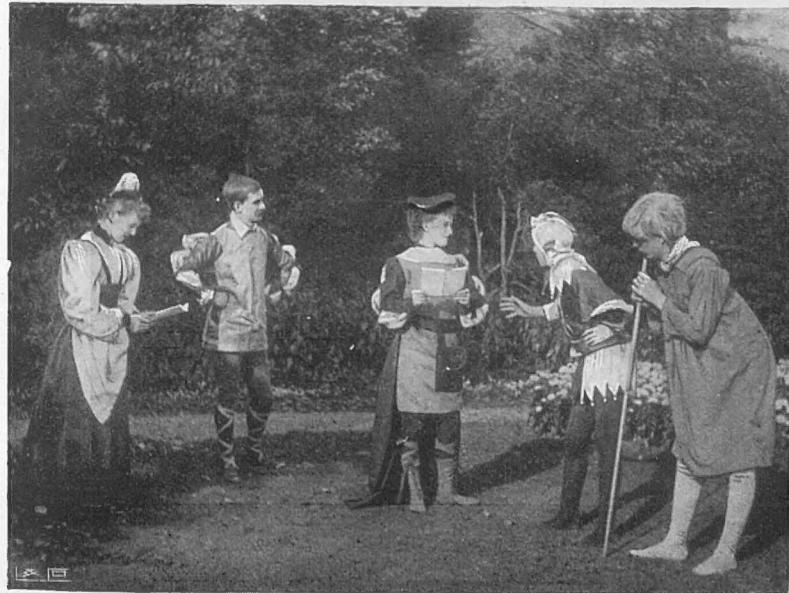
A CYCLING PICNIC.

Miss Bannerman, the Misses Emma and Fanny Cartwright, Miss Evelyn Burnett, and the Misses Sergeant.

Here is a little story for the benefit of our New Women. Two young ladies, wearing Bloomers, in token of their "advanced" views, had trouble about gaining admission to a New York theatre. At first, indeed, the box-office keeper flatly refused to take their money, and one of them went away in a huff. The second damsel, however, was more pertinacious, and, by a threat of taking legal proceedings, frightened the man into giving her a ticket. Her appearance among her normally clad sisters in the auditorium caused a mild sensation.

If there is one champion more than another in the world of athletics who honestly deserves the honour, it is W. J. Sturgess, who has proved himself, without doubt, the finest walker in the country. For years it had been considered the height of folly to attempt to beat H. Curtis, who, when at his best, could give long starts to all and sundry, and beat them with ease. However, Curtis is not so young as he used to be; but, all the same, when he was beaten at the last championship meeting, a good deal of sensation was caused. Since that time, Sturgess has simply carried everything before him, beating record after record with pleasing regularity. At the Polytechnic Harriers' Autumn Meeting he covered three miles in the "best" time of 21 min. 16 4-5 sec., and, before these lines appear in print, he may have excelled even that superb performance. Sturgess is somewhat short, but very muscular. It is not safe to prophesy in these advanced days, but his superior should be hard to find.

There is one humorous effect of Mr. Hayden Coffin's new song about the volunteers which has not been noticed. He was very warlike when he celebrated the virtues of Tommy Atkins, but he is positively Homeric in his eulogy of our citizen defenders. There is an allusion to the



A SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

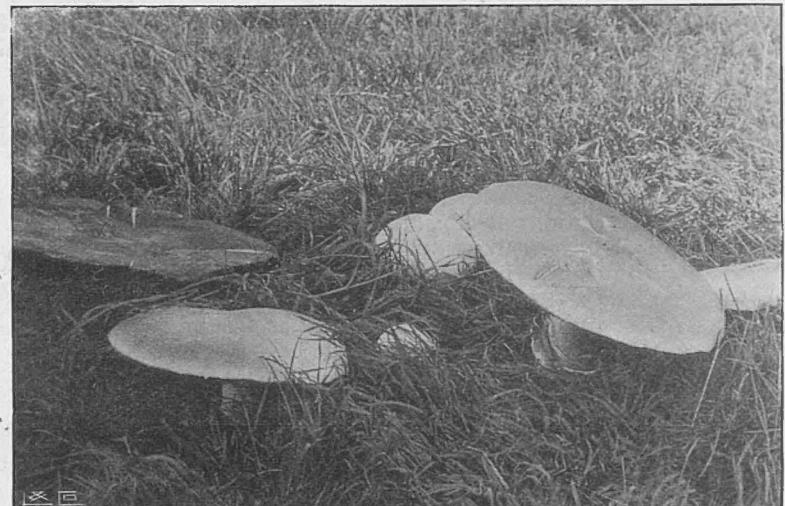
TOUCHSTONE : This is the very false gallop of verses.
ROSALIND : Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.
Photo by Master Will Ridge.

"foreign sneer" at the nation of shopkeepers, and Hayden Coffin repels it with tremendous scorn. Meanwhile, Maurice Farkoa, as the only foreigner in the company at Daly's, strikes a deprecating attitude, and extends his hand, as who should say, "Mon cher, do not take on so. Your shopkeeping volunteers are magnifiques, sublime!" Heedless of this, the gallant Coffin hurls defiance at the scoffer. It is all very good, but I wish this harmonious hero would not sing in *italics*. He has the rare gift of articulation, but he abuses this now by trying to give equal significance to all his words.

Sir Benjamin Richardson has been preaching water. Water, he says, is the natural beverage of man. What say the teetotalers who patronise the infinite variety of drinks which pass themselves off as superior to alcohol? The average total abstainer must have a little excitement, and he seeks it in various fluids which effervesce but do not inebriate. Will he not say to Sir Benjamin, "Dost think that because thou art a water-drinker there shall be no more cakes and ginger-ale?" If water were to be imposed on the teetotaler as his only drink, I fear there would be a sad relapse into gin.

Poor Mrs. Chant! Her triumph has been brief. The promenade is to be restored at the Empire under the unconditional licence, granted without opposition. Perhaps Mr. Hugh Price Hughes will make the promenade the centre of operations for his Nonconformist nucleus, which is to convert London into the New Jerusalem. For the present, Mrs. Chant had better reserve her energies for an excursion to Grindelwald next year, where her fluency would be in harmony with the rest of the empty rhetoric that haunts the Alpine village every summer.

I saw some extraordinary mushrooms at Tring the other day. One was sixteen and a-half inches in diameter, and weighed, when gathered, two pounds six ounces. They were growing in an open meadow, and,



MONSTER MUSHROOMS.

Photo by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

beyond having a little salt sprinkled on the grass, received nothing in the way of cultivation. Needless to say, they were within sight of the farmer's residence (Mr. H. Woodman), or they, perhaps, would not have had a chance to grow so big. You can never convince a countryman that there is anything wrong in gathering mushrooms off another man's ground.

Various changes were made in the cast of "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" during the last few weeks of its run at the Vaudeville, the most interesting point being the return of Miss Rosina Filippi to the stage, which she had definitively abandoned on her marriage to Mr. Dowson. I noted, a few months back, Miss Filippi's hankering after her old profession, as shown by her arrangement for acting purposes of scenes from Jane Austen's novels. In "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," she took up the part of Miss O'Gallagher, in succession to Miss Gladys Homfrey, Mr. Arthur Playfair replacing Mr. John Beauchamp as Major O'Gallagher, and Miss Grace Dudley (formerly the Clara Loveridge) appearing as Angela Brightwell, in lieu of Miss May Palfrey.

A recently reported tragic incident of the Cuban Revolution has distinguished Shaksperian precedents. The modern instance relates to the Cuban captain of volunteers serving with the Spanish troops who was shot dead by the revolver of his own son, who had joined the insurgents. The parallel to this terrible case of parricide I find in "Henry VI., Part III., Act ii., Scene 5, where the King's sad musings as to the lot of a poor shepherd being preferable to his own are followed first by the entrance of a son, dragging in his father's dead body, and then by the appearance of a father bearing in his arms his son's corpse. The point of difference is that each of these unnatural murderers proclaims his dismay at the deed, whereas it is related that the Cuban son, after his crime, continued fighting furiously. Thus the Wars of the Roses, as depicted by Shakspere, are less horrible than a petty latter-day insurrection. So much for progress!

One of the most curious results of the "penny awful"—or, as the trade hath it, "penny blood"—mania is the Willesden Pilgrimage. On fine summers' and bad winters' days groups of enthusiastic small boys are to be seen crossing Dollis Hill. Says the intelligent foreigner, "These dear little lads have come to gaze at Lord Aberdeen's mansion, wherein dwelleth the Grand Old Man." Never was greater mistake. They have toiled through Maida Vale, trudged along Kilburn High Street, smothered themselves with dust at Cricklewood, and all that they may pay a visit to Willesden Churchyard—to shed a sigh over the long-winded epitaph on Charles Reade's tomb, dear little literary creatures? Not a wee little bit of it. The Ultima Thule of their desires is to mark the spot where—Jack Sheppard, Esq., was arrested over his mother's grave.

Apropos of "penny bloods" (you really *must* say "bloods," and not "awfuls"—the *Daily Chronicle* is quite wrong), I remember how, some few years back, an almost world-famed "blood" publisher wrote to one of his artists, who was illustrating "A Lion Pirate," or something of the sort:—"Will you have the kindness to make your cutlasses more curly, and with drops of blood dripping from the tips; it looks more ferocious-like, and the boys like it. Please keep to these instructions, otherwise it will be incumbent on us, &c., to dispense with your services."

Still the best "blood" story that I can call to mind was told me by poor W. G. Baxter, of Sloper fame. According to this, "gospel truth," said the eccentric little genius, a certain well-known "blood" producer had arranged with a cheap firm of Paris "awful" publishers to receive week by week the blocks they had used for the illustration of a thrilling seventeenth-century novel. However, by some sort of mistake, one Thursday an up-to-date semi-society block was substituted. Said the luckless serial-creating creature, whose duty it was to write up to the blocks as they came in, "Really, Mr. —, how can I possibly work it in? This is a nineteenth-century subject, and my story is Louis Treize." With much indignation the publisher burst forth with, "—Louey Trays—trays or teapots neither! I pays you good money, and you do your work. If you ain't got the imagination for it, why do you take my money? Have the kindness to 'and over that there proof; I'll do the hunderline myself." And the hunderline appeared thuswise, "They retired into the wood and disguised themselves in *modern* costume."

In the production of the most popular type of "awful," or "blood," there is a far higher degree of technical knowledge required than is commonly supposed. The great art is to have at least two distinct sets of characters. By this means is ingeniously secured the enthusiastic

boy reader's purchase of the third number. Thus: four chapters are given in the "Penn'orth." At the end of the fourth chapter, the end of the first number, the wind-up is—

Pursued by the hated Bow Street Runners, they dashed through the fog and into the court that led to the river.

"We have them!" shrieked Wild.

Splash! There was a curdling shout and scream. They had fallen into the river!!!

Of course, the next number *must* be purchased. "What come to 'em in the river, 'Arry?" However, on seating himself on the doorstep—dinner-hour—the small boy finds that Chapter V. opens with "In

the conservatory at Lady Fitz-Clarence's," &c., the three following chapters being entirely devoted to the *beau monde*. To make amends, Chapter IX., No. 3, begins, "They were frantically struggling in the water. Wild had drawn his pistol," &c.

The principal danger to be guarded against in the writing of this high-class work (five shillings the column) is the vice of procrastination. "Copy" for the printer must *not* be left till the last moment, otherwise the distinguished author, particularly if overcome with the Fleet Street fever, is apt to forget where he last finished off. I distinctly remember one poor little "awful" writer who used to frequent the Old Drury Tavern. He would often give himself agonies from forgetfulness caused by over-wassail. May I name names, Mr. Editor? Well, well! Poor Belmore, Jimmy Shore (of the Adelphi), and old Mr. Neville, Harry Neville's father,

were one evening seated with him, when they saw him turn ghastly green, and the cold perspiration run down his face. A shudder ran through his withered frame, and through the interstices of his clenched teeth he said, in ghastly whisper, "The wrong lot's gone down the Fleet drain." He arose, rushed from the house, and tore off to the printer's. In about an hour's time he returned. He panted feebly, but his face bore the gentle quietude of a man who was at peace with the world. "I was only just in time," he said. "Good Lor'! fancy having the cheek to work off 'Jonathan Wild' in a brace of shakes like that!" He was completely lost in the contemplation of his own Danton-like audacity.

The new Lyceum Romeo is quite outshone by Mr. John Drew as a cyclist. During his recent engagement at San Francisco the quondam leading man of the Daly Company has been cycling almost every day, besides rehearsing in the morning, acting at night, riding polo-ponies in the afternoon, and perhaps driving four-in-hand by way of a change. Mr. Drew has, therefore, been taking abundant and varied exercise.



A QUIET PIPE.

Photo by Master C. Harrop.

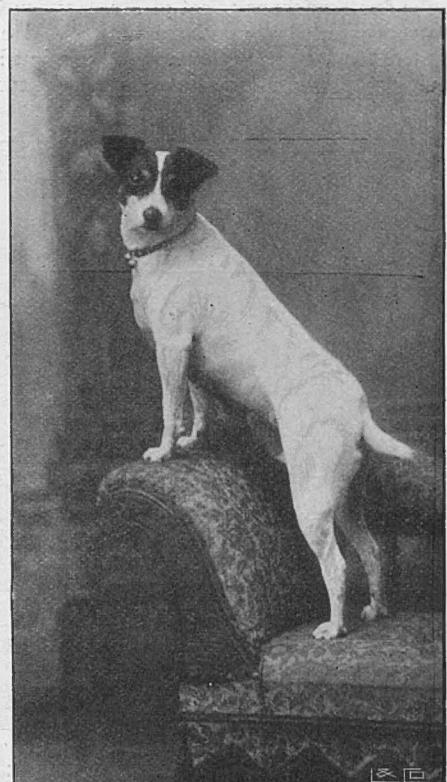


PUG.



PRairie DOGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIDGLEY ASQUITH.



FOX-TERRIER.

If Aladdin were to come among us now, we should not think much of him and his wonderful lamp. He raised a palace in a single night. Well, fortunes are made in South African shares in a single morning, and without the aid of a *djinn*. Mr. Barnato tots up a million or so before lunch. Two Irish patriots, who started in West Australian speculation a few months ago with six hundred pounds, are now worth six hundred thousand. A well-known black-and-white artist, who went out to Australia merely to draw pictures, dabbled in "calls" and "options" on the steamer, and found himself the possessor of ten thousand pounds. Who would make pictures if he could be sure of such a stroke of finance? I expect Fleet Street to rise like one man, and say, "No more paragraphs! no more 'Small Talk'! We are off to the Antipodes to make millions!" When I think, that instead of turning this column, I might be a millionaire, I am amazed at my devotion to journalism.

To many people it will be a surprise that the natives of South Africa used to wear gold ornaments. An important find, however, has been made at Belingwe, in the Buluwayo district, which puts the matter beyond doubt. It consists of a lot of gold necklaces and leg-ornaments wrought of twisted wire, and it is believed that the natives buried their jewellery some time when they were disturbed. The find amounts to 208 ounces 14 dwts., of which about 85 ounces are composed of small gold beads, all bored. One large piece of gold weighed actually an ounce. Among the gold were several small globules as well as other pieces of the metal beaten as thin as lead. Although the intrinsic worth of the metal is probably not more than a thousand pounds, the lucky finder has had three thousand pounds offered him for the curio value. The treasure was exhibited in the Standard Bank of South Africa, Buluwayo, at a charge for admission of two shillings per head, and in two days thirty-six pounds were thus collected for the local hospital. The photograph has been sent me by the accountant of the branch, Mr. Dennyson W. Sanderson, who is a son of the manager of the York City and County Bank Company, Limited, Durham. The branch, I may say, was opened in a tent, less than eighteen months ago, with a staff of two; to-day it is housed in a substantial building, with a staff of nine. I am told that *The Sketch* is in great demand in Buluwayo. I have already noted on a previous occasion a "Darkest Africa" imitation of this journal, called the *Buluwayo Sketch*. It has now reached its fifty-ninth number, and consists of a folio of twelve pages, apparently produced by some crude copying process.

Another curiosity in journalism, which has come here all the way from Salisbury, in South Africa, is the *Nugget*. This journal is the fifth number of a new venture, and is produced on a cheap, thin paper. It consists of some eight pages of letterpress, has a cartoon of

a Salisbury celebrity, a gentleman in a straw hat, smoking a big cigar, who is called "The Knight of the Hammer," one or two other very sketchy sketches, and a cover of heliotrope, on which a South African digger in appropriate costume, big boots, broad-leaved hat, shovel and rifle, faces a somewhat tame-looking lion, which may be meant for the genuine British article, or, more likely, a younger South African brother. The letterpress of this interesting production (which is not very interesting to the English reader) is all in a neat writing hand, while



A GOLD FIND IN BULUWAYO.

the advertisements, of which there are a very fair sprinkling, are in rough printing character. The whole thing gives one the impression of having been made up in pen and ink and then lithographed. The price, I notice, of this funny little weekly is the same as that of *The Sketch*. By the way, they appear to have had an extraordinary sale of "stands" in Salisbury lately, which realised the fine and large total of £42,369. This speaks well for the confidence of Salisburians in the town and district, and is commemorated by the management of the *Nugget* by a cartoon representing Salisbury as a lady cricketer in an astonishing costume, on whose bat is inscribed the amount I have mentioned, with the legend "Well scored, Salisbury." To sober stay-at-homes the rapid development of this part of Africa is astounding from all points of view.



SEARCHING-TABLES AT THE DE BEERS DIAMOND-MINES, KIMBERLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. WILSON AND CO., LTD., ABERDEEN.

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark," said Marcellus in "Hamlet," and the same remark applies to England. Throughout the summer I have been a subscriber to bean-feasts, outings for stage-hands,

recitative, "What shall he have that kill'd the deer?" a Philistine, who was of our company, said he didn't quite know, but thought it would be about three months, without the option of a fine. We left the Forest by Theydon Bois, beloved of East-End excursionists, who patronise the place to such an extent that the value of house property has gone to zero. In fact, I was told that certain houses are let to tenants who pay no rent, but keep them in repair. The genus 'Arry is not an unmixed blessing, although, in this democratic age, one hesitates to say so. I suppose he is a necessary evil.

Before I leave the discussion of the country, let me say a word for our rapidly disappearing birds of prey. The raven is as extinct as the dodo, a crow is seldom met, while hawks, shrikes, magpies, and jays dare not show themselves within sight of the average man with a gun. This is not the fault of the cockney sportsman, who blazes away at everything, and would even shoot a fox; it is the fault of the genus game-keeper. As soon as he sees a bird that may damage young pheasants or break the eggs, he ruthlessly destroys it. If game-birds were difficult to breed or rear, there might be some excuse for this vandalism; but, as I have pointed out before in these pages, the pheasant-farms are quite able to control the demand. Estate-owners should, for the sake of many specimens dear to the ornithologist, instruct their keepers to give our fiercer birds a chance. There is nothing in nature more



THE ELF IN SEARCH OF A FAIRY.

days in the country for the very poor, and similar things. Last week, when the fine weather was in such evidence, I reflected that it was time for me to take an outing. I am sorry to say that society at large failed to take the hint. I endeavoured to raise a shilling testimonial, but found no subscribers, no charity organisation or trade union came forward, and, in the end, I had to go away on my own. I chose Essex in general, and the country between Epping and Ongar in particular, and once more the absurdity of Fate forced itself upon me. Had I been out-at-elbows and the dweller in a slum, I should have had a special fast train at low rates, a big tea for nothing, or less, and all the other luxuries of pauper state. But, being simply a hard-worked unit, who manages by desperate exertion to support existence, I had a train that was too old to run in hot weather, and accordingly crawled or walked; I was condemned to change frequently, and wait on Stratford Station till the fumes of East-End London nearly stifled me. Arrived at my destination, there was an utter absence of brass bands and flags and brakes.

Despite mankind's neglect, I had a real good time. The country is at its best now, and in the Forest there are more tints than could be imagined by a kaleidoscope. Blackberries almost as big as mulberries are as plentiful as African mines, and a good bit cheaper, while in some cases the tree-cutting, which attracted such comment, has benefited the view. I spent a long day in a part of the woods unknown to the tripper, with a pile of books, provender, tobacco, and friends. The only things that came near us were the deer, and for absolute scenic beauty I would back our retreat against the spot in Arden's Forest where the melancholy Jaques conversed with Rosalind and Celia. In fact, it was our visitors who reminded me of Arden; but when I exclaimed, in fine



HE FINDS HER.



AND THIS IS THE RESULT.
Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.

pleasant than to watch a member of the hawk tribe hovering over its intended prey—to watch it suspended in the air, and then see the lightning dart with which it effects a capture. There is an utter want of sense in the present war between men and birds. The pheasants are only required for slaughter, so what does it matter if their natural foes anticipate, to a small extent, the orthodox battue?

The result of a recently concluded trial with respect to the publication of a false report of an outbreak of cholera at Hamburg seems to bear rather hardly upon the worthy company of Correctors of the Press, as printers' readers are honourably called. A reader on the Hamburg paper that first disseminated the erroneous news was dealt with most severely in his capacity, so they said, as "principal propagator" of the intelligence, and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment in addition to a fine. This appears to be grossly unjust. Surely the news sub-editor and the chief editor were more blameable than the unhappy reader, not to speak of the original informant. Just imagine the outcry if such a case occurred with a London newspaper.

In the issue of *The Sketch* for Sept. 25, the photograph of Mr. Will Dennis, in "The Showman's Daughter," should have been attributed to W. S. Bradshaw and Sons, Newgate Street, E.C.

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OPERA IN ENGLISH AT COVENT GARDEN.



MISS ALICE ESTY.
Photo by Medrington, Liverpool.



MADAME DUMA.
Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.



MR. WILFRID ESMOND.
Photo by Medrington, Liverpool.



MR. PHILIP BROZEL.
Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH.

A CHAT WITH MR. E. C. HEDMONDT.

"Sir Augustus Harris, by arrangement with Mr. E. C. Hedmondt, will inaugurate a grand opera season in English next Saturday at the Covent Garden Opera House." It was an announcement almost in these words which induced me forthwith to call upon Mr. E. C. Hedmondt, the brilliant tenor and now enterprising impresario, to glean from him all the information possible, and to offer my humble wishes for his success (writes a *Sketch* representative).

"For some years past I have been cherishing the hope of presenting opera in English to the British public," said Mr. Hedmondt, as we sat down for a chat. "You may, therefore, imagine with what delight I heard Sir Augustus Harris lately remark at Drury Lane, on the occasion when he was donating pianos to the musical colleges, that 'it was "the dream of his life" to see opera in English established.' His keenness of foresight, his vast experience, and his great managerial capacity, seem to ensure success to the venture we are about to make together. Whether right or wrong, I fancy the average Englishman regards the opera and the theatre from the standpoint of their being mere places of amusement. Now, I want to give a variation to that idea. I wish to add an intellectual enjoyment, imparting an impression which shall survive the fleeting moment, and which shall create a reminiscent pleasure, such as clings to the memory of great intellectual treats. One of my chief objects is to make you all love Wagner. It shall be my endeavour to bring his genius in music and words within reach of your hearts and ears, through the medium of the English language,

the vocal talent of artists of the highest repute, a grand chorus of eighty persons, and the Royal Covent Garden Orchestra, led by conductors specially versed in the music to be given."

"Who will be your conductors?"

"We have secured the services of Mr. Goossens, who, by the way, was the first conductor who led opera in English before the Queen. The occasion was the performance of 'The Daughter of the Regiment,' at Balmoral. I remember it particularly, from having myself played Tonio. In Mr. Henschel we have more than an artist—we have a genius. It is for that reason that I have such confidence in his forthcoming conducting of 'Die Walküre,' although we have known him as yet only as a concert-conductor and a singer. It will, I believe, be a fresh revelation to find him wielding the baton of an operatic *maître d'orchestre*. Besides, as a singer, he will be enabled probably, in his conducting, to clear Wagner from the charge that he wrote his scores without consideration of the vocalist. Mr. J. M. Glover and Mr. Feld have, I am also glad to say, accepted engagements."

"The prices will be popular, within the reach of everyone, and our company will comprise such well-established favourites with audiences as Misses Macintyre, Fanny Moody, Alice Esty, Susan Strong, Rosa Olitzka, and Agnes Jansen, who, unfortunately, leaves the stage after this season—going to be married, the usual fatality. Then we are strong in our male artists, for we have Brozel, Bispham, Ludwig, and others."

"Not omitting yourself," I added sympathetically, for the unaffectedness of manner, the earnestness of purpose, and the general intellectuality of the young tenor created on me a most favourable impression.

"I should like to know the order and contents of the *menu* of the musical banquet with which you propose to regale us?"

"Why, certainly. On Oct. 12 there will be 'Tannhäuser'; on the



MR. HEDMONDT.

AS TANNHÄUSER.
Photo by *Edwin, Dublin*.AS LOHENGRIN.
Photo by *Chancellor, Dublin*.

14th, 'Lohengrin'; Oct. 15, 'Faust'; Oct. 16, 'The Valkyrie'; Oct. 17, 'Carmen'; Oct. 18, 'The Postillion of Lonjumeau' and 'Cavalleria Rusticana'; and on Oct. 19 there will be two performances:



AS THE POSTILLION OF LONJUMEAU.

Photo by Robinson, Dublin.

the matinée will be devoted to 'Faust,' and the evening to 'Tannhäuser,' in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its first production."

"Have you been a disciple of Wagner all your life?"

"Well, very nearly. Though I was born in Maine State, I always call myself a Canadian, because I was taken to Montreal by my parents almost as a baby, where I used, as a lad of fourteen, to sing in the choir. I remember they put me up to sing before the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne on some occasion during his lordship's Viceroyalty of Canada. I was about nineteen when I went to study under Götze, at Leipsic, and I want to come to this time, because it was then that I first heard Wagner's music with Niemann as Tannhäuser. It was a star performance, and a revelation to me. You may, therefore, imagine my delight when I was, a year afterwards, actually associated with Niemann in grand opera at Berlin; and made my débüt as Château Neuf in 'Der Czar und der Zimmermann,' by Lortzing; the same opera that was lately put on here in London by the Saxe-Coburg Company."

"And then?"

"Then I returned to Leipsic, and, for seven years, appeared as first tenor under the baton of Nikisch. One especially agreeable episode of my career was my being selected by Madame Cosima Wagner to play a tenor rôle in 'The Meistersingers' at one of the Bayreuth Festivals under the conductorship of Dr. Richter."

"You have toured in America as an artist, I believe?"

"Oh, certainly; and also in Mexico. I can never recall my most enchanting visit to the latter country without remembering a very amusing episode. Owing to financial difficulties connected with the management, we were so delayed at — that, instead of our arriving at our next town at 8 p.m., we did not reach it till 12 midnight; but we gave them 'Tannhäuser' for all that, though we had to play in the 'Faust' costumes through mistake in the delivery of the properties. However, we kept our engagement, late as it was, for the curtain didn't go down till 3 a.m."

"Have you not some other amusing reminiscences, Mr. Hedmond?"

"Well, my first appearance as Lohengrin in America was not without adventure, and may interest you. You know the point in the opera where Elsa and Lohengrin are raised together on a shield. It is at the end of the first act. Somehow, the person who raised us did not seem an adept in balancing, for he tilted the shield at such an angle that we were both shot among the choristers. Nor was this the end of my misfortunes that night, for in the last act, where Lohengrin in his boat is drawn along by the swan, something went wrong with the mechanism, so that I had no alternative but to take to the water."

"Have you many souvenirs?" I asked, "for to some there attaches often such delightful history."

"I am afraid not, unless you may think this little Marquis diamond

ring, which I'm told once belonged to Charles I., worth mentioning. By the bye, I brought back some samples of the very first matches made by the Mormons—I mean lucifer, not matrimonial matches," laughingly said Mr. Hedmond, as we started a fresh cigar.

"I long to see you on the stage, for I'm told you possess a very powerful yet particularly sympathetic tenor-robusto voice, a dramatic instinct in pose, gesture, and feeling, and an enthusiasm for your art which must be apparent to all who have had the happy chance of a chat with you."

"Many thanks. Yes, I do really love my work, especially when Wagner's genius is the theme. I think you will say it is no small record to have played the title rôle of 'Tannhäuser' one hundred and eighty times in three years."

Then Mr. Hedmond told me that, some few years ago, he was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris for a period of three years. The Carl Rosa Company immediately secured his services for a like period, and through those engagements his voice and worth as a singer and actor have been thoroughly established in the estimation of British audiences. Mr. Hedmond's répertoire amounts to a total of one hundred and fifty operas, and some of these will be given during the present opera season, as notified above, for although he is strongly attached to the heavier operas, he is quite happy when interpreting the lighter music of the French school; but all will be in English, without exception. All true lovers of music cannot but feel sympathy with Mr. Hedmond's enterprise in endeavouring to fill a sadly neglected gap in the category of our intellectual amusements by adding to them an eclectic répertoire of music which may be "understood of the people."

"AN ISLE IN THE WATER."

"An Isle in the Water" (Black), Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson's new book, takes its name presumably from Mr. Yeats' lyric of the same name, a lyric she has included in her collection of "Irish Love-Songs." But the stories have no necessary connection with any island whatever. Any seaboard parish in the West of Ireland might be the scene of all save the two last; and these have no business to shelter under the title at all. One of these is the lament of a lady mourning over the transformation of her nurseries into commonplace sitting-rooms, and the other is a reminiscence of old childish playing-places, put in here, probably, to fill up the space left after the island stories were exhausted. There are interesting sketches in the book, and though, for power, I should not compare them to Miss Barlow's—it is in another field that Mrs. Hinkson shows her excellence—yet I think they are more courageous. She dares speak of a wilder life than appears in Miss Barlow's amiable revelation. But the weakness of these stories in "An Isle in the Water" points to the characteristic failing of all the work Mrs. Hinkson has done in fiction as yet. They are merely good anecdotes, pathetic and picturesque, but unshaded, undeveloped. They are the raw materials of fiction.—N.



AS TANNHÄUSER.

THE CAPTURE OF THE PILCHARD.

To the man who was born and bred in Cornwall there is a singular magic in the name of the pilchard. He has memories, at the very least, of many a tea which would have been merely satisfying if grilled or pickled ("scrubbed" or "marinated") pilchards had not made it delicious. He is bound to remember, also, the cry of the hawkers when they came into the little inland town where he was living, and went, shouting "Pilcha! Pilcha! Pilcha!" through the grey and ugly streets. He remembers the groups of matrons that gathered at the cart-tail, and the appetising fragrance that would be in the air ten minutes later. If he hail from St. Ives, his memories will be more complex, but no whit less pleasant.

Autumn comes, and there are signs of a new sort of activity round about the tiny harbour. Long lines of men come down to it, carrying on their shoulders huge brown nets, which hang in festoons betwixt man and man. They go down the quay to where the big black boats are waiting, and in these the nets are carefully piled up. Then, at last, the boats move out, and take up their position in divers places along the western side of the bay. Day after day they wait, from dawn to dusk, and, often enough, there is nothing to do but smoke and talk for a full fortnight. For the men are waiting until a big shoal of pilchards shall enter the bay over by Godrevy Lighthouse, on the east, and they must hear from the huers that the shoal is advancing before they even begin to think of moving.

The huers stand in front of their whitewashed stations, high up on the cliffs. They can survey the whole surface of the waters, and when a "bank o' fish" is coming they are aware of its approach because of the strange colour—often imperceptible to the uninitiated—which is imparted to the surface by the close-packed masses of fish. Once they have seen this colour they make no delay. "Hevva, hevva!" they cry, and the men in the boat understand that a shoal is advancing, and make ready. As the fish come near, the huers set the boat in motion, giving their orders partly by word of mouth (made audible by means of huge tin speaking-trumpets), and partly by means of signals, which consist in the brandishing of a couple of small furze-bushes, according to a system well understood by the man at the helm. When the boat is getting really close to that moving shadow on the waters—a shadow from below—the excitement grows intense. It reaches its climax when the huers make a signal, which means that the men in the boat are to begin throwing out the seine.

The object of both parties is to get the net thrown over so that it forms a wall around the shoal. The boat moves in a circle round the shoal, still seeing nothing, and only following the orders of the huers, and finally the corks lie in a circle all but closed upon the water; while the boat fills the gap, and the men, who hitherto have been rowing with all their might, are splashing with their oars, so as to drive the frightened fish into the circle of the net, and keep them away from the opening, by which they might still escape. Soon another boat comes up and brings a "stop-net," which is adjusted so as to close that dangerous opening. The fish are enclosed within a hanging wall. It only remains to make certain that the wall shall always reach to the bottom. All along the line of the cliffs there are windlasses. Long, stout ropes are attached to the seine, and, being brought ashore, are caught hold of by a crowd of helpers—who are called "blousers," and, though merely volunteers, get paid—and these pull them across the sands until they can be attached to the windlasses. When this has been accomplished—and only the blouser knows how heavy the sands can be—the rope is got in more rapidly, and at last the seine is warped into such a position that at all states of the tide it is quite impossible for the imprisoned fish to find a way of escape under the line of its weights.

This usually closes the work of the day. The seine-boat comes alongside the net, and the men watch all night beside it, a comfortable fire blazing beneath the awning they erect. The pilchard-fishery is beautiful from end to end, but perhaps this scene is the best. Much of its magic was caught and reproduced in Mr. Louis Guér's picture. When morning comes, the work of landing the fish is proceeded with, unless there be something of more immediate importance to be done. The big black boats which lie about at the back of the beach, unfit for going far from shore, are towed out to the seine. A small net, called the "tuck-net," is let down into it, closed, and drawn to the surface. When it arrives there, it is seen to contain a solid mass of living fish, all wildly struggling and spluttering. How beautiful they are it is beyond words to say. The net once at the surface, the men who stand in the barges leam over with great wicker baskets and dip the fish out. It needs comparatively few basketfuls to render the boat full to the very gunwale; and before they have finished, the men stand embedded to the thigh in living, struggling fish. Then the boats are towed one by one into the harbour, and run in upon the sandy beach which lies at the back of it.

All the world is there. Carts are bucked out into the water, and, instead of baskets, men now use wooden shovels to transfer the fish. One by one the carts are filled, and go off across the sands and up the narrow, hilly, stone-paved streets to the cellars. But the pilchard-fishery is of little benefit to the town of late years. The pilchards come less abundantly than they did of old, and they are but little worth when they have been secured. England takes only an unappreciable proportion of the catch. The chief part goes abroad to feed the good Catholics of Italy when they must fast: the health of the Pope at one time used to come before that of the Queen with the people of St. Ives. But now the Italian market is spoilt by the competition of Newfoundland, and as St. Ives is not stamped out of existence already, we must suppose it would still exist if the shoals were to leave off coming altogether.—II.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

While the owner of Valkyrie
Sails into the sunrise dim,
Of the Yankees somewhat weary,
As the Yankees are of him;

While the sporting papers frantic
Sink again to calm repose—
Comes across the great Atlantic
Challenge from an English Rose.

Once again with England's scions
England's sons will try their force,
And the Eagles and the Lions
Dodge the steamers down the course.

Once again will evening papers,
Blushing pink or greenly pale,
Flash their placards on the gapers,
Reaping an unwonted sale;

And the sailor-heart that nestles
Under every Briton's ribs
Throbs to hear of racing vessels
Breaking out their racing-jibs.

(Spinnakers, perhaps, it may be;
Or it may be both or not:
I am witless as a baby
Of the handling of a yacht.

And my ignorance is utter
As to what distinctive rig
Parts the schooner from the cutter,
Or the cutter from the brig.)

Pleasant voyage and friendly haven,
We may wish the Distant Shore,
Without running down Dunraven
(As her owner did before);

Better luck, perhaps, is Rose's
(Worse, his luck could hardly be),
And the Cup that now reposes
Far beyond the tumbling sea.

May, perhaps, reward his labours
After striving valorous;
When our transatlantic neighbours
Will commence to come to us,

And a series of conditions
May be possibly drawn up
To encourage competitions
Rather than to keep the Cup.

We might fix the course (suppose it)
Off some new and neutral shores,
Where the ocean billow throws it
Self upon the bright Azores;

Or the "dolorous and tideless
Sea" of Swinburne laves the land
Where the singer wandered brideless
For the love of Melisande.

These are visions, which may never
In reality enclose;
Merely plans I would endeavour
To suggest to Mr. Rose

If he wins the needed races
With his non-existent yacht;
Though, to judge by former cases,
It is likely he will not.

But, before I end my ballad,
I would like to mention here,
How to get the "lobster-salad"
Steiners not to interfere.

Let the owners of Defender—
Or, if needful, Uncle Sam—
Fit a heavy-armoured tender
With a razor-sharpened ram,

And a number of quick-firers,
Which may have sufficient force
To persuade discreet admirers
Not to venture on the course.

If her playful forty-pounders
Shatter some excursionist
Steiner with its load of boulders,
They will none of them be missed.

With this wholesome meditation
I would close the present song,
Which, in our pronunciation
Rhymes with me, your

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A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

KENNEDY THE BOAT-STEERER.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

Steering north-west from Samoa for six or seven hundred miles, you will sight the Ellice Group—low-lying, palm-clad coral atolls, fringed on the lee with shimmering sandy beaches. On the weather side, exposed to the long sweep of the ocean-rollers, there are but short, black-looking reefs, backed by irregular piles of loose, flat, sea-worn coral, thrown up and accumulating till its surface is brushed by the pendent leaves of the cocoanuts, only to be washed and swirled back seawards when the wind comes from the westward, and sends a fierce, sweeping current along the white beaches and black coral rocks alike.

Twenty-three years ago these islands were almost unknown to anyone save a few wandering traders and the ubiquitous New Bedford whaler. But now, long ere you can see from the ship's deck the snowy tumble of the surf on the reef, a huge white mass, grim, square, and ugly, will meet your eye—whitewashed walls of a distressful ghastliness accentuated by doors and windows of the deadliest black. This cheerful excrescence on the face of suffering nature is a native church.

The people have mostly assimilated themselves, in their manners and mode of life generally, to the new order of things represented by the fearful-looking structure aforementioned. That is to say, even as the Tongan and Fijian, they have degenerated from a fierce, hardy, warlike race into white-shirted, black-coated saints, whose ideal of a lovely existence is to have public prayer twice a day on week-days and all day on Sundays. To them it is a good thing to get half-a-dollar from the white trader for a sick fowl—which, when bought, will be claimed by another native, who will have the white man fined two dollars for buying stolen property. Had the white man paid a dollar, he had done wisely; that coin sometimes goes far in the Tokelaus. For instance, the truly unctuous native Christian may ask a dollar for two fowls, but he will also lease out his wife for a similar amount. Time was, in the Ellices, when the undue complaisance of a married woman meant a sudden and inartistic compression of the jugular, or a swift blow from the heavy ebony-wood club of the wronged man. Nowadays, since the smug-faced native teacher hath shown them the Right Way, such domestic troubles are condoned by a dollar—that is, if it be a genuine American dollar, or two British florins, for outraged honour would not accept the cast-iron Bolivian money or the poor silver of Chili and Peru. And for a dollar the native "Christian" can all but pay for a nicely bound Bible, printed in the Samoan tongue; and thus, no doubt, out of evil would come good, for he could by means of his newly acquired purchase picture to his dusky mate the terrors that await those who look upon strange men and *tupe fa'apupula* (bright and shining money).

But I want to tell about Kennedy. Kennedy the Boat-steerer he was called; although twenty years had passed and gone since that day at Wallis Island when he, a bright-eyed, bronze-faced lad—with the fighting-blood of the old Puritan Endicotts running like fire through his veins, despite his New England bringing-up—ran his knife into a shipmate's heart, and fled for ever from all white associations. Over a woman it was, and only a copper-coloured one at that; but, then, she was young and beautiful, with dreamy, glistening eyes, and black, wavy hair, ornamented with a wreath of orange-flowers and coil upon coil of bright-hued *sea-sea* berries strung together, hanging from her neck, and resting upon her dainty bosom.

Standing at the doorway of his house, looking over the placid waters at the rising sun, Kennedy folds his brawny arms across his bare, sun-tanned chest, and mutters to himself, in his almost forgotten mother-tongue, "Twenty years, twenty years ago! Who would know me there now? Even if I placarded my name on my back, and what I did, 'tain't likely I'd have to face a grand jury for running a knife into a mongrel Portugee, way out in the South Seas, a score of years ago. . . . Poor little Talamālu! I paid a big price for her—twenty years of wandering from Wallis Island to the Bonins; and, wherever I go, that infernal story follows me up. Well, I'll risk it, anyhow, and, the first chance that comes along, I'll cut Kanaka life and drinking ship's rum, and go see old dad and mum to home. Here, Tikena, you Tokelau devil, bring me my toddy."

A native, clad in his grass *titi*, takes from a wooden peg in the house-wall two shells of toddy, and the white wanderer takes one, and drinks. He is about to return the other to the man, when two girls come up from the beach with their arms around each other's waists, Tahiti fashion, and one calls out with a laugh to "leave some in the shell." This is Laumanu, and if there is one thing in the world that Jake Kennedy cares for above himself, it is this tall girl with the soft eyes and lithe figure. And he dreams of her pretty often, and curses fluently to think that she is beyond his reach, and is never likely to fill the place of Talamālu and her many successors. For Laumanu is *tabu* to a Nuitao chief—that is, she has been betrothed, but the Nuitao man is sixty miles away, at his own island, and no one knows when he will claim his *avaga*. Then the girl gives him back the empty toddy-shell, and, slyly pinching his hand, sails away with her mate, whereupon the susceptible Kennedy, furious

with long disappointment, flings himself down on his bed of mats, curses his luck and his unsuspecting rival at Nuitao, and finally decides not to spring a surprise on "dad and mum" by going "hum" for a considerable number of years to come.

Mr. Jake Kennedy at this time was again a widower—in the widest sense of the word. The last native girl who had occupied the proud position of *Te avaga te papalagi* (the white man's wife) was a native of the island of Maraki—a dark-skinned, passionately jealous creature, who had followed his fortunes for three years to his present location, and then developed *mal-du-pays* to such an extent that the local priest and devil-catcher, one Pare-vaka, was sent for by her female attendants. Pare-vaka was not long in making his diagnosis. A little devil in the shape of an octopus was in Tenenapa's brain. And he gave instructions how to get the fiend out, and also further instructions to one of the girl attendants to fix, point upwards, in the sick woman's mat the *foto*, or barb of the sting-ray. So, when Kennedy—who, in his rough, careless way, had some faint fondness for the woman who, three years ago, he went mad over—heard a loud cry in the night, and was told that Tenenapa was dead, he did not know that, as the sick woman lay on her side, the watchers had quietly turned her with her face to the roof, and, with the needle-pointed *foto*, pierced her to the heart. And old Pare-vaka rejoiced, for he had a daughter who, in his opinion, should be *avaga* to the wealthy and clever white man who could *tori nui* and *sisi atu* (pull cocoanuts and catch bonito) like any native; and this Tenenapa—who was she but a dog-eating stranger from Maraki, only fit for shark's meat? So the people came and brought Kennedy the "gifts of affliction" to show their sympathy, and asked him to take a wife from their own people: And he asked for Laumanu.

There was a dead silence awhile, and then a wild-looking creature, with long white hair falling round his shoulders like a cloak, dreading to shame the *papalagi* before so many, rose to his feet and motioned them away. Then he spoke: "Forget the words you have said, and take for a wife the girl from the house of Pare-vaka. Laumanu is *tabu*, and death walks behind her." But Kennedy sulked, and wanted Laumanu or none.

And this is why he feels so bad to-day, and the rum-keg gives him no consolation. For the sweet-voiced Laumanu always runs away from him when he steps out from his dark little trade-room into the light, with unsteady steps, and a peculiar gleam in his black eyes that means mischief—rude love to a woman and challenge to fight to a man.

Lying there on his mat, plotting how to get possession of the girl, there comes to him a faint cry, gradually swelling in volume until every voice in the village, from the full, sonorous tones of the men to the shrill treble of the children, blend together: "Te vaka motu! Te vaka motu!" ("A ship! A ship!"). Springing up, he strides out, and there, slowly lumbering round the south-west end of the little island, under cruising canvas only, he sees her. One quick glance shows her to be a whaler.

In ten minutes Kennedy is in a canoe, flying over the reef, and, in as many more, alongside and on deck. The captain is an old acquaintance, and, while the boats are sent ashore to buy pigs and poultry, Kennedy and he have a long talk in the cabin. Then the skipper says, as he rises, "Well, it's risky, but it's a smart way of earning five hundred dollars, and I'll land you and the creature somewhere in the Carolines."

The whaler was to lie off and on all night, or until such time as Kennedy and the girl came aboard in a canoe. To avert suspicion, the captain was to remain ashore with his boat's crew to witness a dance, and, if all went well, the white man was to be aboard before him with Laumanu and stow her away, in case any canoes came off with the boat.

The dance was in full swing when Kennedy, stripped to the waist, with a heavy bag of money in his left hand and a knife in his right, took a long farewell of his house and stepped out into the silent groves of cocoa-palms. A short walk brought him to a salt lagoon. On the brink he stood and waited, until a trembling, voiceless figure joined him from out the depths of the thick mangroves. Hand-in-hand they fled along the narrow, sandy path, till they reached the beach, just where a few untenanted thatched huts stood on the shingle. Between these, covered over with coconut branches, lay a canoe. Deftly the two raised the light craft and carried it down to the water, that broke in tender, rippling murmurs on the white sand. And, with Laumanu seated for'ard, gazing out beyond into the blackness before them, he urged the canoe seawards with quick, nervous strokes. Far away to the westward he could see the dull glimmer of the whaleship's lights.

The mate of the Essex was leaning over the rail, drowsily watching the phosphorescence in the water as the ship rolled gently to the ocean swell, when a cry came from for'ard: "A heavy squall coming down, sir, from the land!" And it did come, with a swift, fierce rush, and so strong that it nearly threw the old whaler over on her beam-ends. In the midst of the hum and roar of the squall, someone in the waist of the ship called out something about a canoe being alongside. The mate's comment was brief but vigorous, and the matter was speedily forgotten.

Then the rain fell in torrents, and, as the ship was made snug, the watch got under shelter and the mate went below to get a drink of rum and curse his captain for loafing ashore, watching naked women dancing.

Three miles further out a canoe was drifting and tossing about with outrigger carried away. Now and then, as a big sea lifted her, the stern would rise high out of the water and the sharp-nosed whaleback for'ard go down as if weighted heavily. And it was—with a bag of dollars lashed underneath. When, in the early morning, the whaleship sighted the drifting speck, floating on the bosom of a now placid sea, the thoughtful Down-East skipper, observant of the canoe's bows being under water, lowered a boat and pulled over to it. He took the bag of dollars, and, muttering something about "rather thinking he was kinder acquainted with the poor man's people," went back to the ship and stood away on his course in pursuit of his greasy vocation.

And Kennedy and the girl? Go some night and watch the dark-skinned people catching flying-fish by the light of *au lama* torches. Look over the side of the canoe and see those swarms of grim, grey devils of the tropic seas, that ever and anon dart to the surface as the paddlers' hands come perilously near the water, and wonder no longer as to the fate of Kennedy the Boat-steerer and his Laumanu.

THE PIONEERS OF EARL'S COURT.

In no world does the principle of evolution reign more forcibly than in the world of amusement. To-day, thanks to energy, enterprise, taste, capital, an enormous London population, an ever-increasing floating population, and the universal shilling, we have the stupendous concrete exhibition known as "Earl's Court." What was its origin? Who was its father? The London "Tea-Garden."

Its aristocratic progenitors, Marylebone Gardens, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall, with the exception of the last place in its later and perhaps degenerate days, did not appeal to the "swinish multitude." They were choice resorts of the fashionable world, modelled, to a certain extent, on the "Pump Rooms" of Tunbridge Wells and Bath, and their history is embalmed, if not written, in the letters and memoirs of the last century. Richardson, Smollett, and Fielding touch upon them, and the dramatists, as usual, follow the novelists. These choice resorts lived in an atmosphere of fine clothes, lace, scent, little affectations, and deportment, before the distinction between the classes and the masses was swept away by the deluge of *sans-culottism*. The universal shilling was only then just peeping above the horizon.

Small as London was then, these places had their little suburban imitators, the imitators existing when the originals had gone out of fashion and into bricks-and-mortar. Marylebone Gardens (part of Devonshire Place) were the first to go, in 1778; Ranelagh (part of Grosvenor Road, Pimlico) followed about 1802, though remnants of its lath-and-plaster glories lingered about the neighbourhood for forty years afterwards; and Vauxhall, adapting itself, after a fashion, to the new spirit of the age and the universal shilling, was not strangled by the speculative and all-devouring builder until the middle of the 'fifties, when Lord Cremorne's well-wooded and park-like estate at Chelsea had been turned into a successful pleasure-garden.

The most prominent imitations of the Ranelagh type were "Bagnigge Wells," on the banks of the Fleet Ditch at Clerkenwell, on the north side of London, and Beulah Spa, at Norwood, on the south side. Both these places possessed "springs" and "waters" with alleged medicinal properties, which received some little aid from fresh air, and a good deal more from imagination. Long after Sadler's Wells had been turned from a "well-house" into a local theatre, the northern copy, on a small scale, of Vauxhall, at Pentonville, known as White Conduit House, was a popular place of amusement, combining theatre, concert-room, and ball-room, in a small garden, with scenic temples and cheap classical statues, which became the prey of the watchful builder in 1849. On the eastern side of the mountain—lower down in the City Road—stood the Eagle Tavern and Pleasure Gardens, which, as described by Dickens in his "Sketches by Boz," in the 'thirties, was a second- or third-rate Vauxhall, suited to the moderate wants of the neighbourhood. The Eagle has a history which would fill a volume, and it exists to-day as a Salvation Army Depôt, bricked in by small houses.

Above this place, northwards, in Shepherdess Walk, on the road to Islington, was the Albert Saloon, a winter and summer theatre, standing in a garden, that might have been copied from the open-air theatre in Prague, or some of the summer playhouses in Italy. The stage had two prosceniums, built at right angles to each other, one, looking into the gardens, for fine weather, and the other, looking into the "Saloon," for wet or cold weather. The gardens, of course, have been built upon, and the Saloon is turned into a storehouse for the Britannia Theatre at Hoxton.

Across the Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields, through Lower Islington, following the winding line of the New River, you came to Canonbury Tavern, a place that occasionally indulged in garden fêtes and fireworks. Further on came Highbury Barn, a place for public dinners, dances, "bean-feasts," and occasional entertainments. In its later days, before it was bought up and built upon, it became a theatre, music-hall, and garden—run as a kind of northern Cremorne, and not much beloved by its highly respectable surroundings.

Following the curves of the New River, past the Sluice House, you came to Hornsey Wood House, now the centre of Finsbury Park, a

place more devoted to the sport of pigeon-shooting than to musical attractions. Turning eastward, at a corner of the Green Lanes—the favourite hunting-ground of those "Cockney sportsmen," the creatures of Seymour the artist's imaginative sketches, which Mr. Edward Chapman's "Young Man" (Charles Dickens) was employed to "write up to"—you came to the Manor House, a favourite tavern term in those days, where, before "Bank Holidays" were invented, Easter and Whit-Monday, at least, were always celebrated with music, fireworks, rope-dancers, and street acrobats. Further eastward, you came to the Red Cow, at Dalston, a "Tea-Garden" and recognised place of entertainment, "licensed pursuant to Act of Parliament of the Twenty-fifth of King George the Second"; near here was a pleasure-garden, at Hackney Wick, close to what the multitude still call the "Cat and Mutton" Fields, which were only secured to the public after repeated and determined battles with squatters. At Mare Street, Hackney, was another "Manor House" in a garden, which now exists as a bricked-in concert-hall. At the extreme east-end of London were the "Globe Gardens" at Mile End, and the Garden Theatre, afterwards known as "Lusby's," and now the site of the Grand Paragon Theatre.

On the Surrey side there was a "Rosemary Branch" at Peckham, which copied the Tea-Garden glories of another "Rosemary Branch," near the white-lead works at Hoxton, where a somewhat stagnant lake was held to be an attraction, like a similar lake at the Canonbury Tavern. The great feature, however, of the Surrey side was, for many years, the Surrey Zoological Gardens, at Walworth, where, in addition to a moderate display of animals, was a lake with a pasteboard presentment of the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, a promenade concert of some pretension, and a nightly display of fireworks, ornamental and explosive. Jullien, in the height of his well-deserved popularity, gave some gigantic concerts here, and the place was eventually taken by the late Frederick Strange, who developed it at the cost of a large fortune. The big concert-hall he erected still remains, but the gardens are bricks and mortar.

Apart from numerous "Tea-Gardens," in various parts of outlying London, having music and dancing licences, and taverns, like the Yorkshire Stingo in the New Road, Marylebone, which kept up, to the best of their knowledge and ability, what we may call the Vauxhall traditions, the multitude had three or four tolerated, if not licensed, annual "orgies" in the shape of Metropolitan fairs, and one outside these limits, but within easy distance, at Greenwich. Bartholomew Fair at Smithfield has had several historians, and Greenwich Fair has not been neglected for want of descriptive writers; but Camberwell and Stepney have not been quite so fortunate. They were all much alike in their general features, Bartholomew Fair being the worst because of its mixture with a rampant cattle-market. Those who remember these festivals of noise, dirt, drunkenness, and vulgarity, pitched, as at Camberwell, in the centre of a quiet, decorous, residential district, are right in believing that education and public decency have shown no greater advance than in the selection and conduct of public amusements. Much of this is undoubtedly traceable to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and what it left in its train. It led up to the foundation of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—one of those institutions, peculiar to England, which benefit everybody but their own shareholders. It was probably started with a too lavish outlay of capital, and a too great belief in the attractive power of museums and "object lessons." Much of the money sunk in the form of practical education—in bringing facsimile reproductions of the great monuments and features of the world almost to the Cockney doorstep, is lost for ever, but no one can say that, during the last forty years or more, it may not have produced effects that almost justify the outlay. Observant cynics in 1853 foretold the advent of Brock and Blondin, and the predominance of the refreshment-contractor; but it was safe and common-sense prophecy. Bread and games have always been a necessity with the multitude. Human nature is the same in all ages and all countries. That alone is stationary. The world moves onward. What is looked upon as impossible or impracticable to-day is accepted as a matter of course to-morrow. It may not be long before the South Kensington Museum—admirable in every respect—adds music to its many attractions. It may not be long before a *café* and a music-garden are conceded in Hyde Park, and London is brought up to the level of Vienna.

IN RETREAT.

"My only possible chance would be going away," said St. Cleeve.
—THOMAS HARDY.

I'll come, my dear, when I can say:
My heart is whole; when I can lay
But friendship's tribute at your feet
With purpose firm; till then, my sweet,
My footsteps may not towards you stray.

You beg of me to name the day
When I shall join you on the way;
I cannot tell, but when 'tis meet,
I'll come, my dear.

'Tis passing hard for me to stay
Within this twilight, cold and grey;
But while you make my heart to beat,
I dare not leave my dear retreat,
For you are his. Whene'er I may,
I'll come, my dear.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE ARTIST'S WIFE.—FREDERIC YATES.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Frederic Yates, who has lately returned from a delightful drive through Europe, is at work again at his London studio, 29, Maddox Street. On the preceding page is given a portrait of the artist's wife.

It is a clever picture, rich in colour, the dress being of crimson velvet.

Whether it be in art or in song, the Welsh are ever an enthusiastic nation; moreover, they are righteously patriotic, a quality of which they have just given new proof by the purchase of the painting by Mr. Phil Morris, R.A., which was exhibited at the Royal National Eisteddfod held last year at Carnarvon. The picture represents Edward I. showing his infant son, the first Prince of Wales, at Carnarvon Castle to the Welsh people. The picture has been purchased for Carnarvon by public subscription.

The fortieth Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society is now open, and, by its excellence, it may well rouse to life the old discussion as to the artistic limits of photography.

Excellent as the last exhibition was, the present one is even better. In it, at all events, are shown the capabilities of the photographer, apart from the subject. The subject, let us admit, is dull, is only fit for handling, for shaping, for composing into artistic possibilities; and pure photography leaves all these possibilities well out of sight.

But here comes the photographer, not only with his machine, but also with his taste, with his hands, with his personal power of

re-touching; and he, according to his capacity, becomes the artist of the finished picture. So far, then, photography must be reckoned as a genuine art, inasmuch as the final result is, by reason of its beauty, not the work of mechanism, but of a directing mind. These, at any rate, are the thoughts to which the present exhibition gives rise, and they suffice to prove its virtue; still, it behoves the photographer not to boast overmuch, since so much of his art depends upon mechanism. The result, fine as it may be, is not a purely artistic result; it is a matter of art, and art is uncompromising. Granted these points, however, few exhibitions could be more interesting than the present one of the Royal Photographic Society.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes, the most indefatigable painter of portraits in England, if we, perhaps, except Mr. Collier and Mr. Sargent, has been engaged in painting the portrait of the Mayor of Nottingham. Mr. Forbes is so solid a painter of solid celebrities that we look for excellent results from such a subject.

Some time ago Miss Christina MacLagan presented a fine series of rubbings of Scottish sculptured monumental stones, worked on a system invented by herself, to the British Museum. These are now catalogued and made accessible to the public, and must prove of great value to the art student, ranging as they do from the earliest examples of Celtic art, with its figures of elephants, serpents, and involved ornament of manifestly Eastern origin, to the quaint presentments of natural history, with the lovely flowers and foliage with which the mediæval artist delighted to enrich his handiwork. We have it on the authority of Bocce that the Scots, like the Egyptians, used "Sifars and figures of beistis," so that it is quite within the bounds of probability that philologists may find in many of these examples a hieroglyphical key to historical facts hitherto unknown.

The Church of Fontegiusta at Siena which, in the picturesque "little" language of the Sienese, is called the *Chiesetta*, is being restored. The *Chiesetta* is chiefly remarkable for its fine fresco, by Baldassare Peruzzi, of a Sibyl lifting her arm and pointing towards heaven in a majestic attitude, and the marble doorway with its splendidly carved frieze. The latter will be completed by a copy of the old door, now fast decaying, belonging to the old Palace of the Magnifico.

M. A. Salmon, the engraver, has just died in Paris. He carried off the Prix de Rome in 1864, obtained a medal of the second class in 1867, and the Legion of Honour in the same year. He was an artist of much distinction, and ably reproduced the works of, among other artists of the same serious cast, Sébastiano del Piombo, Sheffer, and Delaroche. The death is also reported of the Belgian painter, Alfred Werwée, at Brussels, aged sixty years.

Mr. Watts is on the point of completing a quite unusual number of pictures. The portraits consist of a three-quarter-length likeness of Mrs. Ellis and one of Mr. Gilbert, R.A. Among his subject-pictures are "The Boyhood of Jupiter"; "Naked and Not Ashamed," Adam and Eve before the Fall, two full-length figures in a summer landscape; and "Earth," treated in an exuberant female figure as a type of abundance. Mr. Watts is about to leave for the country, where he will remain until May.



IN NEWLYN.—ARTHUR LUCAS.

Exhibited in the New Gallery.



MOLESEY.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY HENRY R. GIRBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.



AFTER THE BALL.



MISS MAUD HILL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED LILIS, UPPER RAKER STREET, N.W.



MISS EVELYN AS SINBAD THE SAILOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

THE TRAINING OF ENGLISH ACTORS.

A CHAT WITH MISS SARAH THORNE.

After scrambling over my eggs-and-bacon, and coaxing my charioteer with the price of a "bitter," in addition to his wonted shilling (writes a *Sketch* representative), I just managed to reach Victoria in time to



MISS SARAH THORNE.

Photo by Cundall and Schmidt, Margate.

catch the morning express to that "Saturday-to-Munday Paradise," Merry Margate. The sole object of my visit was to make a call upon Miss Sarah Thorne, so that I might learn something of her career and her "Dramatic University," as Mr. Clement Scott was once pleased to term it.

There is an air of homely comfort about the little house in Hawley Square, Miss Thorne's summer residence, and the pretty little drawing-room contains many souvenirs of theatrical interest, most prominent among them being a silver-mounted claret-jug, which was presented to her on the occasion of her recent benefit at the theatre.

Probably no one lives, or ever has lived, who has had a finger in moulding and guiding the early career of so many of our leading actors and actresses. But there is nothing of the pedagogue about Miss Thorne, at any rate when she is at home. What she may be when at work, I don't pretend to say; but I hear—and on excellent authority too—that there is generally a little flutter in the hearts of her pupils as she takes her seat of judgment, under the shelter of the little green baize screen, on the prompt side of the Margate stage.

"You will, I hope, excuse the bareness of the room," said Miss Thorne on entering; "but, you see, I am just on the move to Chatham, where I have taken another theatre; so that now I can keep my company going all the year round."

"And yourself too," I added.

"Quite true," was the reply. "I sometimes think I really *will* take a holiday, but somehow or other I never seem able to manage it; in fact, I can hardly remember when I had a proper holiday last."

"No," said Miss Thorne, in answer to one of my first questions, "I did not come of an acting family. My father was the lessee of the Pavilion Theatre, and I was the first of the family to appear before the footlights. It came about this way. When quite a child I had a longing to play in my father's pantomime. At last, after a great deal of worrying, I was promised, as a great treat, to be allowed to play for one night only; but that was on the strict understanding that I should never ask to act again."

"And you never did?"

"Never," said Miss Thorne, with an amused look, "for I modestly confess that I made quite a hit in my little part. And that," she said, "bears out what I so often tell my pupils—that it is quite possible to do a great deal with a very few lines indeed."

"I suppose you never went to any school of acting?" I said.

"Oh, yes! I was at the very best school of the time," came the quick reply; "for I spent nearly all the earlier part of my career in stock companies: first, at my father's theatre, where I had several plays written round me by the stage-manager, who used to say to his friends, 'I made her, sir; I made her'; and then I went to the Surrey, Ryde, Dublin, Brighton, Glasgow, and the St. James's, under Mrs. John Wood's management. After that, I started tours of my own."

"Stock work is the best training?"

"Undoubtedly; it gives one a breadth of style that no other work can."

"But it is very hard?"

"Oh, yes! In the old days we *had* to work with a vengeance. I remember once, after sitting up studying most of the previous night, I was giving evidence in the trial scene of an old drama, and, being questioned by the judge, I could not for the life of me remember whether I ought to answer yes or no to his inquiry. However, after a short pause, I struck an attitude, and, turning to a man close by, said, 'Ask that man.' Whereupon I left the court."

"It would be difficult to tell you my favourite part, but I have bestowed the most care and time on Juliet and Desdemona and Lady Macbeth. And I think they are my greatest successes."

"And now, Miss Thorne, what first gave you the idea of starting a school of acting?"

"Reading several articles which appeared in the newspapers about twelve years ago. The writers drew attention to the defective elocution of many of our London players, and pointed out the great need of a dramatic school."

"What are your methods of teaching?"

"To tell you the truth, I have no method. It would be absolutely impossible for me to lay down a rule. Each case must be dealt with as its own peculiar needs require. However, with absolute novices I generally ask them to recite anything they know, or, failing that, to read me a piece out of Shakspere, or some other standard author. Pupils usually begin by walking on, and then I give them speaking parts, as I consider them capable. But you must not think all my pupils are novices. Sometimes quite old hands come to me for advice, and ask me to go through their parts with them."

In answer to a further question—

"My chief object is to bring out original talent, always being very careful never to disturb a good individuality. Experience can warn the beginner against faults which would probably take him years to find out if left to himself. I merely guide and develop. The footlights do the rest. But," added Miss Thorne, with much emphasis, "the teacher should be absolutely without mannerisms. You would be surprised how easily pupils will catch mannerisms, even from one another, and"—with a laugh—"especially if they are bad ones. And I always have to guard against imitation. You see, it is very tempting, to anyone who possesses the faculty, to use it. It is so much easier to copy than to be original. I often have to check exceedingly good imitations of our leading actors and actresses."

"Then, I take it, you do not think acting can be taught?"

"Most certainly not," replied Miss Thorne, with a merry twinkle in her eye; "one can only develop a talent that is already there—one cannot create it. Nevertheless, I have been several times offered goodly sums to do so."

"You have, no doubt, had some amusing requests?" I said, hoping to get a tasty paragraph for my readers.

"Yes, indeed I have; but I am afraid," said Miss Thorne, checking herself, "I might be hurting someone's feelings, which I have no wish to do. Still, I often have the most amusing excuses for mistakes and



MISS THORNE'S THEATRE AT MARGATE.

failures. An error of costume, the turned-up edge of a carpet, or an ill-fitting wig, have at various times been held responsible for making young actors and actresses fail to impress the audience, or even, at times, for making them forget their parts."

"Then your company plays a fresh piece every week?"

"Yes, and sometimes even oftener than that."

"So that a week is the longest time you usually get to rehearse, is it not?"

"Quite so; but the same people do not necessarily play leading parts each week. Sometimes I have several ladies, for instance, playing 'leads'; so they take it in turns. But I never promise anything, and I very often change the cast at the last moment."

"What sort of pieces do you usually put on?"

"Everything, from Shakspere to pantomime. By the way, every

"How, in your opinion, does the acting of to-day compare with the past?"

"Certainly, I don't think it is so good, as a whole, because the actors do not get the varied experience that they used to formerly. What the public like is, clear and distinct enunciation, intelligence, and a right inflexion of the voice."

And, most assuredly, if everyone possessed Miss Thorne's charming and wonderfully pliant and expressive voice, there would never be any reason for audiences to complain on that score.



MISS SARAH THORNE AS LADY MACBETH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. HOUGHTON, MARGATE.

Christmas I produce a pantomime, which tours for six or eight weeks through Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, always opening on Boxing Night at Maidstone. I believe I am the first person who ever took out a touring pantomime.

"Oh, yes! London managers continually pay us visits. Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Toole paid us a visit quite recently. Some time ago the former, after seeing one of our performances, remarked, 'The ladies are better than the gentlemen—as usual.' 'Yes,' I replied; 'I think the gentlemen's brains are so crammed with education that there is no room left for dramatic conception!'"

Just at this moment we were interrupted by a ring at the bell, which brought our interview to a close.

"That reminds me," said Miss Thorne, "of a story that, years ago, used to be told at my expense. But, mind, I do not own to it. Having forgotten my lines, I am reported to have got out of the difficulty by saying to my companion, 'See! we are interrupted. Come into the next room, and I will tell you all.'"

However, the intruder was no one more formidable than the charming Miss Violet Brooke, whose portrait adorned the front page of this journal but a few weeks ago.

MDLLE. JUNIORI AT THE EMPIRE.

The *gommeuse* of the Continental variety stage is usually to a small extent attractive, and to a very large extent vulgar. Her best effects are obtained by gestures and insinuations happily impossible in this country, and, though she has great taste in the matter of dress, there is usually very little dress on which to exercise it. She may sing obscenity out of tune, she may be indebted to the industrious *claque* for the vigour of her reception, but, despite all her faults of commission and omission, there is a something in her style that no English serio-comic can hope to master. It may be the keen appreciation of the *double entendre*, which is suggested rather than said: it may be the love of the life in which such things are permitted; but the fact remains that the worst specimen of the French stage has something that the best English representative lacks. To use an expression one would gladly leave alone, the French serio is *chic*; the English one would like to be.

Granting that, even with her faults, the average French singer is attractive, what must we say to one who has all the good points and none of the bad? Mdlle. Junori, now appearing at the Empire Theatre, is such an one, a strikingly beautiful woman, artistic in style, with an excellent voice, an attractive manner, and a perfect taste. She sings as one who loves her work for its own sake, who delights in playfulness, and is unconscious that there is ever anything dangerous in what she says. The opera stage was responsible for her first appearance, and the refining influence of beautiful music would seem to have had great effect. Mdlle. Junori has taken to the lighter stage out of sheer sympathy with the gay feeling of which it is typical, and the *entente cordiale* existing between herself and an audience is shown by her popularity in countries where her songs are scarcely understood. England, Austria, and Russia have witnessed her triumphs, and in no place has her approach been



heralded by journalistic trumpeters. She has conquered by sheer force of merit and fascination; her entry is ever the signal for enthusiasm, her disappearance the cause for regret. Her voice is pure and sweet; she is content with its capacity, and never forces a note. Her dresses, though bold and unconventional, are worn with a grace that disarms criticism. Her gestures, though frankly expressive, are never offensive.

The Junori of private life is as delightful as the Junori of the stage. She is a lovely woman, gifted with charming manners and a surprising modesty—a woman who will talk unreservedly of her career, with its hopes, disappointments, anticipations, and realisations; who will speak in terms of genuine gratitude of kind audiences and appreciative managements; who will show that success has not spoiled, but improved her. She is a type of what is best on the French stage, and we can but be grateful to our neighbours across the Channel for sparing us so charming an addition to the stage attractions of London.

Speaking of the Empire, reference may be made to Miss May Paston. Madame Zanfretta is taking holiday, and last week Miss Paston undertook the difficult part of Mephistopheles in the ballet of "Faust." I must confess I did not think that any but an Italian or French woman could have played up to the Faust of Madame Cavallazzi. I was mistaken.

Miss Paston gave a rendering of the character that was more than merely intelligent; it was brilliant. Her acting was consistent throughout. It was a splendid chance, and splendidly taken, while the possibilities opened up are very pleasing. Why should not English girls do as well in pantomime as Italians? Miss Paston has proved that it is possible, and I think that the Empire management would be well advised to let her retain the part permanently. The ballet would not suffer, and it would be a direct incentive to other girls of our own nationality to try and do as well.—B.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



INTERNATIONAL VIEWS.

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN : Who are you ?
JOHN BULL(?) : Why, an Englishman, of course, raised in America.



PARISH MINISTER : Do you know it is an awful sin catching fish on the Sabbath ?
BOY : Who 's a-catchin' fish ? we 'aven't 'ad a bite all day.



DISTINCTLY MANNISH.



THE VILLAGE PICNIC SURPRISE.

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PANSIES AND FANCIES

All night we lie in the pansies' hearts,
 But whenever the jolly old Sun upstarts
 We clasp our hands and away we fly
 Up to the sky, so high, so high.
 But ere we go we leave our traces
 Quaintly pressed on the pansies' faces
 So that good little folks may see for themselves
 There are pranks still played by the impish elves



BURMESE "YENG" DANCERS.

"In the interest of *Sketch* readers, may I have the pleasure of meeting the girls who dance the 'Yeng' at your Pwè?" I inquired of Mr. Alfred Brady, the manager of the first Burmese performers who have ever visited London. The men and women who comprise the troupe were brought from Moulmein by Mr. H. L. Cunnah, for the London and Burma Merchandise Company, and, since their arrival, have been performing at the Empire of India Exhibition at Earl's Court.

So it came to pass that, between one or two of the performances, I met and interviewed Mah Shwe Mah, Mah Khin Song, Mah Thine Chine, Mah Thine Shwe, and Mah Pyong Cho. "Mah" is the Burmese



THE BURMESE THEATRE.

pseudonym for the English word "Miss." It seemed a little odd to meet a young girl, with a pair of sparkling black eyes, bubbling over with life and vivacity, not unmixed with curiosity as to the object of my visit, and to call her "Mah." I, however, soon became used to doing so, and the girls, of course, expected it.

They are an assorted lot, these five Burmese dancers, and well illustrate the racial differences which exist throughout Burma. Perhaps the difference in complexion is really no greater than that between a Western blonde and brunette; but it becomes very marked when the "blonde" type sets in at half a dozen shades browner than the darkest English brunette, and runs down to a very decided Burmese brunette. It is the type of face that one wonders at most. Two of these girls are almost Mongolian in feature, while one of them, with a complexion almost African in hue, has a well-defined oval cast of countenance, quite regularly cut.

They are bright, cheerful creatures, these little Burmese maidens, with faces shining from health and cold water, and with fine, large, regular teeth, albeit a little stained with nicotine. They are all inveterate smokers of cheroots as well as cigarettes.

"You smoke a good deal?" I said to Mah Khin Song, as she lighted a fresh cheroot, which I soon found was intended for me.

"Me love smoke," she replied unconsciously, handing me the lighted cheroot. I could not do less than offer her a Havanna from my case, which she immediately lighted, after saying "Thank you very much."

From Mr. Brady I learned that these people are highly emotional, almost inclined to be hysterical, exceedingly jealous, good-natured, and generous to a fault. They have given no trouble at all to the management, and perform their duties without a murmur. They have developed while in London a passion for patent-leather boots, brown shoes, and cheap jewellery. Upon these articles of commerce they lavish their salaries with the utmost regularity. In every way they are most simple and ingenuous. One of the girls was given a handsome needle-case the other day; she took it with a quiet "Thank you very much," but, rushing to the dressing-room, exclaimed to her companions, "I am so happy I could sit on the floor and cry."

They are excessively fond of flowers, natural or artificial—I think with a preference for the latter—and frequently go to Covent Garden "to see the flowers." They share the feminine weakness with their English sisters of looking in shop-windows, and spend nearly all the time at their disposal in this intellectual treat. They are all Buddhists, and take no intoxicants, their only beverages being tea and water.

To Mah Khin Song must be awarded the palm for English-speaking, and therefore to her it was I addressed myself, preferring to hold direct converse even on a more restricted scale than by employing the aid of the interpreter.

She said she was "s'prised" at London. It was a beautiful place. She would like to go to Burma to bring her father and mother to London, but she would not like to live in Burma again. She would prefer to marry a white husband, and live always in London.

I asked her if she liked London food, and she said that in Burma they

lived on rice and curry; but they did not like it in London. They liked meat better, and potatoes, and all things that the English eat.

"And yet," interposed Mr. Brady, "we found them making in their dressing-room, the other day, a large pot of their favourite salad, composed of onions, lemons, and tinned salmon!"

In answer to my question as to what she liked best that she had seen in London, she replied "Windsor."

"What did you think of the Queen?"

"She is a very nice, motherly lady."

The thing that she had seen that she disliked most was "a woman who was drunk."

The "Yeng," she said, was the dance of Burma. Everybody danced it, old and young. There it was danced by two or three hundred girls on great occasions. They went through the streets and danced it before the houses of the rich people. When they had parties, they went and danced it, beginning at six o'clock and finishing at daylight. They made the words to suit the occasion on which they sang it, and put them to the "Yeng" music.

In compliance with my request, she sang the words employed in their performance here, and Mr. Brady made a literal translation of them. Here they are—

With pride we pose for the Yeng Pwè (*dance*)
So that Bribhoo will love us.
With one accord we rise with promptness,
We who are living in England.
The boat has not come for us for a long while,
Though the diamonds, boat-shaped, have come to us.
In thunder, lightning, and rain—Yeng (*dance*).
But we are away from our own land,
And the waves with foam are between us;
But London is a very gay, bright place.
May the throne of England be blessed with happiness,
And its people live in peace and sympathy with us.
We differ in our dance with you, sweet maidens;
You are graceful in your movements, and so are we,
But, as we bow in conclusion,
Can we be compared to angels? Amen.

"Why do you not wear your 'Yeng' dress in London as you do in Burma?"

"Me very shame."

"But you are not ashamed to wear it so in Burma?"

"All the people wear it so in Burma, but not London."

"Besides," remarked the wary Mr. Brady, "there is no County Council in Burma."

Having seen two or three of the troupe in the Empress Theatre the day before, I asked Mah Khin Song her opinion of the spectacle. She informed me she "was very much s'prised." She could not say how pretty it was. There was nothing like it in Burma. She thought it was going to be a circus. She pitied the poor Hindu woman who was burned. She liked her song. It was very sad. She liked the singing very much, and the music. It was not like Burmese music, but she liked it. Then the dresses! Oh, they were pretty! She did not see why they were not given such pretty dresses for their performances.

I suggested that they might, if they would kick up their feet like those girls when they danced, to which she replied, "Me very shame."

Moung Dwah—a bright boy of ten—the son of one of the cheroot-rollers, came into the room, and I asked him if he would like to go on the stage at the theatre, and he said "No; but I would like to sell sixpenny programmes."

I inquired of Mah Khin Song if she thought the audiences at their Pwè nice. She said they were very nice, but sometimes there were rude people who laughed when they should cry, and sometimes a man called out "Hong Kong" because he thought that they were Chinese. I tried to make her understand that what they said was "encore," and that it was very complimentary; but I am afraid I was not able to convince her of this before I took my leave of the interesting little quintette, who were soon after deep in the intricacies of their national "Yeng."



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"Peveril House, Buxton, Feb. 13, 1894.
"MISS GRETTON is so pleased with the Sink-Basket that she will be much obliged if Messrs. Langstaffe and Co. will send her another. Miss Gretton thinks the Sink-Basket cannot be too highly spoken of, and she has already told many people about it."

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

If I may be pardoned the frivolity, football is the "world" of sport at the present time of grace. The season is now so far advanced that all else sinks into insignificance in comparison. At the same time, I don't think football is so universally popular in England as cricket. Quite apart from the importance lent the summer game by the evening-paper bills—for circumstances do not admit of a line to be drawn in this respect—the man in the street, as well as the man at home, somehow or other knows more about cricket than about football.

Nobody, for instance, would confess to the ignorance of not knowing Grace, or Stoddart, or Abel, or Shrewsbury, or Richardson, or Gunn. They are household words. We are brought up on them. The rising generation is taught to respect those names, simply because cricket is the national game for gentlemen. Now, in football you might walk miles before you found anyone recognise prominent footballers. "Ever heard of Bassett?" "Ever heard of what?" What is it—a new kind of perambulator?" Bassett is an old kind.

The fact is, footballers are not long enough before the public to leave a lasting impression upon their minds. The footballer comes forth to strut his hour and a half upon the green stage, and, in a general way, he is not seen from one week's end to another. The cricketer, on the other hand, is always with us, like the poor. From Monday morn to dewy Saturday eve he is performing—either running up a huge score, or bowling out the opposition, or fielding, or walking composedly round the ground, with a retinue of admiring eyes, and a big pipe in his mouth.

The football season had not been one month under weigh before radical changes took place in the leading positions in both the Divisions of the Football League. This is a strange characteristic of the game. The team which gallops off the mark at the outset at breakneck speed—that is to say, gets a decent sort of a lead—never manages to stay the course, and is bound to come back to its opponents before long; whereas, the ultimate champions are furnished by the team which takes its time, metaphorically speaking, and forges in front at the right moment, like an experienced racer.

In a measure of speaking, a great deal depends upon circumstances as to which is to be the side to temporarily head the poll. As everybody knows, or, at any rate, will not deny, choice of ground is an important factor to success at football; in fact, it may be truthfully observed that ninety per cent. of the matches result in victories for the home side.

Now, Stoke's first four matches of the season were against Bolton Wanderers, Derby County, and West Bromwich Albion, at home, and against Small Heath away. They won them all, and, as at that time they stood out by themselves as the only undefeated team in the competition, a good deal of fulsome praise had to be put up with, and on different sides we heard the logical statements that Stoke were going to win the Championship, that they were going to beat everything and everybody, and that they were the greatest team the world had ever seen, or was ever likely to see, or ought to see.

Now, I did not, of course, let myself be run away with in this lavish enthusiasm. I have seen too much of football. I don't wish to depreciate Stoke, but, even if I had not analysed the actual matches played, I should have been loth to think of Stoke as a probable Champion team. The players are not of the class to be able to go right through an arduous season with the highest possible success, seeing the stamp of some of their opponents. It was Stoke's luck to play three out of their first four matches at home, matches which there was no reason at all for their losing, while even to beat Small Heath away was no herculean task, as will be seen by developments, for, as a matter of fact, Small Heath went right through the opening month without a success, losing five matches, by 5 goals to 16! The closeness of some of Stoke's victories was also strangely overlooked; indeed, the win by 2 goals to 1 over Derby County was regarded by the *cognoscenti* as a very fluky one. However, Stoke suffered their first defeat when they went to play Sheffield United, which brought them level at the top of the poll with Bolton Wanderers, another "outsider," while both these clubs were deposited two days later by Aston Villa.

The Villans, who are also the Cup-holders, are now the favourites for the First Division of the Football League, and, looking at the composition of the side, it is difficult to see how they are going to be robbed of the honour—though, of course, nobody can be robbed of that which he does not possess! The only teams which may effect that surprise which ever enters into the winter pastime are Sunderland, Everton, Blackburn Rovers, and Preston North End, not one of whom, however, has fared nearly so well as the Perry Barr pets. In short, then, we may confidently anticipate the ultimate triumph of Aston Villa in the League, if not in the English Cup again, which, however, is a different matter. The team is a very expensive one, and class must tell in the long run.

Almost a similar story has to be told concerning the Second Division. Here we had Manchester City and Burton Wanderers darting off with the lead, though Liverpool were only deprived of premier place by inferior goal average. However, matters soon began to assume a normal shape, and, with Liverpool very soundly trouncing the Burton Wanderers by no fewer than 4 goals to 1, the relegated team went up on top, and will, doubtless, keep there. As a matter of fact, the Second Division of the League appears a cherry-ripe thing for Liverpool. It is true they looked

on paper to have one serious rival in Notts County, but they early went to Notts, and beat them, and now there is a feeling of melancholy permeating the other clubs, for it is generally realised that only a remarkable series of misfortunes will rob Liverpool of the Championship. Perhaps we shall have it!

The "class" of Southern football is gradually but surely improving, and it synchronises with, or doubtless is, the effect of the great wave of professionalism which is sweeping over the district. The Southern League, for instance, now contains eight professional teams and only two of the amateur persuasion, the latest "converts" being the Royal Ordnance—or rather, the latest to announce themselves "converts"—which the *élite* will recognise to be a very different thing!

In this competition the favourites are Millwall Athletic, and, with a reasonable amount of luck, Millwall it should be who will, for the second time, carry off the pot. It had been whispered that Luton Town and Southampton St. Mary's were likely to cause trouble to the East Ferry Road pets, but Millwall beat them both serenely enough. They have a really good eleven, especially at half-back, where King and the brothers Matthews form a line which requires a deal of passing; while Geddes, the captain, in the front line, is a host in himself.

Outside the Southern League, Southern football, either Rugby or Association, has not yet assumed great importance. The novel match between Birmingham and Halifax, for the purpose of testing the new rules of the Rugby game, has duly taken place, but, judging by the moderate amount of success which attended it, it may be deemed expedient to rest satisfied with the primitive style of our forbears.

The latest London F. A. meeting was, like many a previous one, a fiasco so far as the professionalism agitators were concerned. The fact is, that the London Association is quite satisfied at present to remain amateur, and, so long as it possesses such speakers and tacticians as Messrs. Gunning and Jackson, and the "Juniors" and "Revolutionists" put up incapable men to speak for them, there is really no sense in creating disturbances.

The elections for places on the Council resulted as follow—

A. Roston-Rourke (Holloway College), Lieutenant W. Simpson (Leyton), F. Bickley (Casuals), E. Bisiker (Bowes Park), O. R. Borradaile (Vampires), H. L. Bourke (Leopold), C. Wreford-Brown (Old Carthusians), W. A. Brown (London Caledonians), S. R. Carr (Dulwich), Lieutenant H. Chase (Charlton United), J. Dowsett (Ilford), G. Fordham (Noel Park), O. O. Hayward (Clapton), J. Oliver (Tottenham Hotspur), M. L. Owen (London Welsh), R. T. Squire (Old Westminsters), C. Squires (City Ramblers), C. Strutton (Nomads), N. Whittaker (Bromley), and W. J. Wilson (Old Londonians).

CRICKET.

Mr. Frank Mitchell's American tourists are returning home, and it cannot be said they will meet with an enthusiastic welcome. The Yorkshire amateur took out a mixed, not to say moderate team, and, though we do not regard the Americans as serious rivals in our national game, the result was obvious, for if there is one thing the Yankees can do, it is bat, and if there is one thing Mr. Mitchell's team cannot do, it is bowl. We won a match or two, it is true, but we lost badly also; and the worst of it is, occasion has been taken over the water to gloat over the defeat of the hated Englishmen. We have had a surfeit of English defeats lately!

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

I understand that the English athletic world is shortly to lose no less prominent a public performer than E. C. Bredin, the one-time quarter-mile champion. Bredin has signified his intention of going back to Ceylon, and much regret has been evinced. By the way, he will probably come across Mr. L. H. Gay in those regions, the famous International goalkeeper being now resident in Ceylon, where he has taken up a coffee-planting business.

A sensational doctor has just startled the cycle world with an alarming theory. Toothache and congestion of the gums are the natural effects of cycling. Dear me! And we never knew it! Still, it is pleasant to learn that toothache and congestion of the gums are the most serious complaints resulting from the popular pastime. Thank goodness, it is not indigestion, or stoppage of the heart's action!

The Hull and District Cyclists' Union brought off their annual fancy-dress parade for the benefit of the Royal Infirmary this week with great *éclat*.

Up to Oct. 26 have the Manchester Wheelers decided to continue their periodical runs, and on that day the season will be brought to a conclusion with a short spin to Altringham.

An inventive gentleman from Toronto has found the new tyre. It is, as usual, to lick creation, and a few other things, *en route*. The new thing has a most impressive appearance, a number of elliptical steel springs being riveted into the rim, and a steel band then fastened on them, while the whole is hidden by a common or garden cover. Speed and resiliency are claimed to be the sequel, the most important advantage of the tyre being the lessening of the chances of puncture. We shall see—when we see it!

I am informed that the Duke of Portland has just purchased a Premier cycle. The aristocracy is not the least enthusiastic class just now in the wheeling world.

OLYMPIAN.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XLV.—“THE AFRICAN CRITIC” AND MR. HENRY HESS.

Some remarks in the *Weekly Sun* as to the successful attack made by the *African Critic* upon the common system of inserting paragraphs sent by agents of companies as if they were editorial comments upon or reports about financial matters led me to make inquiries concerning a paper whose title was new to me. Of course, the first thing was to read the paper, which proved to be a sixpenny paper, resembling *Truth* somewhat in arrangement. It was written in a bold style, and contained, in its black list and elsewhere, so many strong statements—libellous if not provably true—that my curiosity took me to see Mr. Hess, the editor. Very amiably he gave me an hour of a time greatly in demand, for people kept calling and being sent away every five minutes.

“What’s the idea of the new paper? To carry on the work of the *Critic*, a Johannesburg paper that I founded five years ago. Its object? Simply to tell the truth about South

African matters, financial, political, social—a somewhat perilous object. I may tell you,” he said, with a laugh, “it led me to seventeen prosecutions for libel, half of them brought by the Transvaal Government. Yes, I was successful, though I’ve had some narrow squeaks. It’s a heavy task sometimes to drag truth out of the well. One was really serious. I impugned the honesty of one of the judges. I defended myself at the trial; but the Court refused to let me lead evidence of the truth of my statements, so I was convicted. The phrase of the verdict I think is unique—‘Guilty; but we strongly recommend the accused to mercy, for he has been discharging a public duty in the interests of the State in calling for an investigation of the judge’s conduct in cases where his creditors were concerned, and we find that the article was written without malice.’ I was sentenced to two months, and appealed, was let out on my recognisances, and my appeal was successful.”

“And are you going on like that over here?”

“I’m going to tell the truth vigorously, and I have unique sources of information. Let me tell you a rule of the paper in Johannesburg, and here of its child. No one on the paper is to hold any share or interest, or make any spec. in African companies, on pain of instant dismissal. It would not touch my pocket if every mine in South Africa were to smash. It’s for this reason that I can afford to tell the truth; have, in fact, no bias against it.”

“Why have you given up the African paper?”

“I haven’t; it is being edited for me very ably by Mr. Gustave Hallé, son of Sir Charles, the musician. In a sense, the work is finished there. After careful calculation, I find it is read by one man in three in Johannesburg. You cannot push a paper beyond that.”

“Not a sixpenny paper?”

“Oh, sixpence isn’t sixpence there; it’s spent as quickly as a penny here. Why, *The Sketch* sells for one and threepence, and good value for the money,” he added, with a smile.

“Then you’ve had a big success. And your mission here?”

“That’s a big word. What I mean to do is just this: Give the British public true information and unbiased opinions about the country of such vast importance to us, and help the British Transvaalers to a just position in the State. I want, in financial matters, to rout out the puff, even the most insidious. To ensure that, I have arranged that the editorial department shall not know what advertisements are received or declined. My manager refused a big price for a whole-page advertisement because it was on condition of a line of editorial comment and display of the name on the Contents Bill. You should have seen the surprise it caused. Other papers I know have accepted.”

“Your ideas would have satisfied Diogenes.”

“Well, honesty has paid me in Africa. I believe it will here; so I claim it as policy, not merit. I am going to work my ‘black list’ vigorously, and show what a terrible amount of fraudulent puff appears in apparently honest guise. Moreover, I am offering free advice as to investments, publishing my answers to correspondents in such form that all readers can understand them. What staff have I? All men with special knowledge of South Africa. My sub-editor is Mr. F. B. Broadway, an able Natal man, late sub-editor of *South Africa*. Success? We have sold out easily, and had heavy repeat orders. I am content not because the first number has gone well—that’s nothing—but the second and third have boomed. And the Press has been so kind. Look at these notices.”

Unfortunately, I mentioned the word Rhodes; that ruined the interview. When a South African begins to talk about Rhodes, nothing will stop or divert him. Space does not enable me to do justice to the views concerning the Colossus uttered by Mr. Hess, the able, energetic man whose success is certain if he can convince the public of his honesty of purpose as completely as he convinced me.



MR. HESS.

Photo by Davies Brothers, Johannesburg.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I have received certain information of late pointing to the renewal of the jockey ring. I think any jockey who bets ought to be warned off the Turf for life, and I think it could easily be discovered if a jockey did bet. How is it some of the jockeys who do not ride two-score winners during the course of a season amass fortunes in a very short time? Is it by presents? If it is by betting, how is it that jockeys—who, as a body, are the worst judges of form to be found on the Turf—can back winners when the old hands cannot?

Lord Lonsdale, who has been entertaining on a lavish scale of late, runs a few racehorses; but, unlike his brother the late Earl, he seldom follows the meetings—in fact, his lordship prefers hunting to racing. He is a good shot, is passionately fond of boxing—in fact, he helped to found the National Sporting Club—and he is a patron of the drama. Lord Lonsdale is one of the most accomplished whips in England. Lady Lonsdale is a sister of Lady Eleanor Wickham, who is often seen at race-meetings. Her brother, Lord Granville Gower, is also fond of racing.

The race for the Cesarewitch will, of course, cause plenty of excitement, but the pity of it is that so few trainers are able to prepare horses to run over a long distance. I think it highly necessary, in the interests of racing, that we should try and develop stayers as well as sprinters, but this view does not find favour with clerks of courses, perhaps for the simple reason that punters can often find the winners of two-mile races, and, therefore, bookmakers prefer five-furlong sprints. For the race under notice, I like the chance of Florizel II., as I believe him to be a good horse; at the same time, one of our leading jockeys tells me that Banquet II. must be dangerous if he starts, as he is a genuine stayer and is very fast.

Racing men are, as a body, fond of fun, and it is extraordinary the amount of side-splitting correspondence that I receive. Some correspondents practise their witty antics on the address side of envelopes and postcards. One correspondent addressed a postcard to “Coe, London”; it came to hand all right. Another, this one a countryman, sent to “Captain Coe, War Office.” The letter, marked in blue pencil “Try Star office,” reached its proper destination. Still another, addressed “The worst Tipster in England, Stonecutter Street, E.C.” I, of course, got that card. Others, again, dub me Coe, B.A., A.S.S., H.M., &c.

I do not see why a new racecourse at Laindon in Essex should not, if started, be made to pay. The place is easily get-at-able from London and from Newmarket, and the ground is well adapted for the formation of a racecourse. The proposal to form a new steeplechase course in the neighbourhood of Epsom should catch on, although I am bound to add the Epsom trainers prefer to run their horses in Scotland rather than to patronise the near home meetings. However, as the home stables harbour so many jumpers, a racecourse in the near vicinity of the stables ought to catch on.

It is truly astounding how many racehorses there are running at the present time that are rogues of the deepest dye, and I think the Jockey Club ought to frame some rule to prevent horses of this calibre going to the post at all. How comes there to be so many roguish horses on the Turf? Is it the fault of the trainer, the stable-lad, the jockey, or someone else? The question is of the highest importance to sport, and it ought to be thrashed out. Old-timers used to say that stuffing a horse before he ran, and then putting an honest jockey up, with orders to win, would make a rogue of the horse, or cause him to break a bloodvessel. Now these diabolical methods are no longer with us, but the rogues we always have. Many of us know that even a cart-horse will grow cunning with old age, but once cunning always cunning. With the thoroughbred the case is somewhat different. He runs a rogue to-day, to-morrow he goes as straight as the crow flies, and displays no cunning. How is this?

The starting-price bookmakers have caught it warm this year, and many of the old-established silver men have been obliged to decline the contest. It seems that the favourites on the course are not always the best-backed horses with stay-at-home plunger, who, by-the-bye, often get the best of the deal, because they are outside the pale of latest rumours, mostly false. The little bettor away from the scene of action follows form really and truly, and the consequence is he often wins; and sometimes, to his surprise and satisfaction, he finds a winner of his returned at 6 to 1 that really had a 6 to 4 chance, but, thanks to false rumours floated on the course, the big plunger have gone for some other animal.

The time is not far distant when race-cards will be given away. In the old days of the Nottingham Meeting, I am told that quite twenty-five thousand cards were sold per day, at sixpence each; but this is a thing of the past. I think, if a sportsman is charged one pound per day for admission to Tattersall’s Ring, a race-card ought to be thrown in. I wonder the Club members have not agitated for free cards before now, although the sixpence per day is a trifle, when they reckon the “birth-right” advantages that accrue to them in contrast to those of the little man.

A popular half-day excursion to Shakespeare’s country will be run by the Great Western Railway Company on Saturday, the occasion of the Stratford Fair, leaving Paddington Station at 12.10 noon, and allowing over four hours at Stratford-on-Avon. The third-class return fare is only three-and-six.

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Won't Wash Clothes.

THE BRITISH LADIES' FOOTBALL CLUB.

I may be excused, perhaps, the prejudice that armed me (writes a *Sketch* representative) when I sought the captain of the British Ladies' Football Club the other day. If, by many worthy people, the wintry pastime is but barely tolerated when played by men, one may surely be forgiven for sharing the popular objection to its exposition by the other sex. But I had experienced an agreeable surprise by the time I left Mrs. Graham. To see her kick the ball almost the whole length of the ground, and handle it as though it were a globe of worsted, is not calculated to deepen one's impression that a lady footballer is an incongruity. That, however, was what met my eyes at Wembley Park, where I saw the club give an exhibition of their prowess the other day. Dressed in the customary costume of coloured shirt and dark knicker-bockers, the twenty-two maidens marched on to the ground—some with their plaited hair hanging down their backs—and, for the next hour, abandoned themselves to the unceasing rush and vigorous skill indispensable to Association football. It would be unkind to criticise the game from the high level of an expert. The few hundred spectators, too, were inclined to treat the thing facetiously. There was an occasional laugh when a girl, hardly realising the liberty of skirtlessness, stumbled when the leather bounded awkwardly towards her. It grew into a roar now and then, as, in a rush towards goal, a player measured her length on the grass. But these, after all, are extraneous considerations, since, despite a burning sun and the strain of an hour's constant running and kicking, most of the players showed clearly that they had mastered the rudiments of the game.

"If you have played the game," observed Mrs. Graham afterwards, when she had discarded her costume for her ordinary garments, "I am glad to learn our play made a favourable impression on you. The worst of it is, you know, you men will not take our play seriously. Wherever we go—last season I toured Scotland, and finished at Belfast—a number of spectators think it their duty to chaff us, and persist in doing so, even when they see that our play doesn't justify it. That we do not like, inasmuch as we wish to stand on the merits of our play."

"Not absolutely?" I ventured to suggest. "Surely you expect allowance for your sex and the short time you have been playing, don't you?"

"Quite so. At the same time, we object to being regarded in the light of a joke. It will be a long time before the prejudice against the lady footballer dies away, but we want the public to observe our mastery of the game, not to come to see us on account of the novelty of the thing."

"You consider football, then, as manly as tennis?"

"Now you are chaffing. Speaking as one who has played the game from childhood—my brothers, who are well-known players, taught me—my firm opinion is that women can, if they are robust and strong enough physically, acquire a fair proficiency in Association."

"That is, in the next ten years or so?"

"Well, I will only say this: I know the form of most of the First League teams; and, taking into account what a girl's training has been, and the brief period she has played football, one or two of us can bear a comparison even with the other sex."

"Then," I observed, "why don't you match the team against a third-rate club?"

"Not yet, thank you; we are too discreet to attempt it. Nevertheless, if we go on improving as we have done so far, we shall undertake that task in a year or two. There is room for improvement among our backs and half-backs, but our forwards are fairly good, I think. When the former have reached the level of the latter, we shall play men's teams."

"How soon?"

"In a year or two. At present, if our forwards miss a kick, a roar of laughter goes round the ground. Now, as you know, a player occasionally misses the ball in first-class matches, but the incident is not received with the hilarious greeting extended to us."

Our talk then drifted on to the course of training every member of the team undergoes, including frequent use of the skipping-rope, running, and ball-kicking. All the girls wear shin-guards, but few up to now have suffered even slight injuries.

"What about our prospects this season? Very satisfactory. Our fixture list has been almost completed. On finishing the course of exhibition matches we have arranged in the South, we shall start on our provincial tour. Most of the populous centres in the North—where many of our players hail from—will be visited, and thence we shall proceed to Scotland."

"And, Association being very popular there, you expect a warm welcome?"

"Yes—in some places in more than one sense. One has to take the rough with the smooth, and the leisured classes are not conspicuous patrons of football in the North. Wherever we give a good exhibition of the game—we are not always in good form—our efforts are appreciated. Last season's club—this is under a different management—did not receive a very cordial welcome from the women in some parts of Scotland. In one town, many women hissed and groaned at us as we left the ground. In the course of every match, though, we were treated properly by the spectators, except the chaff, of course, and that was abundant."

"Rather unpleasant for you?" I observed, as I took my leave.

"It was. Where you have to battle against prejudice and convention, however, you must be prepared for all that sort of thing."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"Q" has joined the fairy-tale tellers. His good sense and fine taste have prevented his making any attempt at invention, for no one can make these excellent things nowadays. All of modern manufacture are either wishy-washy or abstruse. Mr. Quiller Couch's "Fairy Tales, Far and Near" (Cassell), are, therefore, old stories retold in a way a spirited child would like to hear them. "The Valiant Tailor" is a masterpiece of brisk narrative. "Prince Hatt under the Earth" will, to children, have the interest of novelty, though it must recall many old friends to grown-up readers who have dipped into folklore, while his inclusion of "Heart of Hare," a Polish tale, shows that he thinks an unfamiliar and even melancholy story may find favour with the sturdy mind of the British child, if it be not told in too sentimental a fashion. Mr. H. R. Millar's illustrations, of the school of Vierge, are both spirited and graceful, at least, when their fine lines do not become ineffective from sheer exaggeration of fineness and grace.

"E. Nesbit" has published a very pleasant volume of poems, "A Pomander of Verse" (Lane). There are country songs in it, children's songs, love songs, laments, and shivery lyrics like "The Past"—

I am there when ye wake in the grey daybreak
From the gold of a lover's sleep;
I wither the rose and I spoil the song,
And Death is not strong to save—
For I shall creep while your mourners weep,
And wait for you in the grave;

or like "The Gray Folk"—but that is too much welded together to bear the quotation of a part. "E. Nesbit" must be counted among the poets; she has more than a mere pretty talent for writing agreeable verse. "The Gift of the Gods" is a fine version of "Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren." It is the poet's and the martyr's history, when he has given up, at the demand of his stern mistress, dreams of joy and youth and love.

She took the balm of innocent tears
To kiss upon her altar-coal;
She took the hopes of all my years,
And, at the last, she took my soul.

When he asks, "What shall requite the savour of my offerings lost?" she answers—

"The gods," she said, "with generous hand
Give guerdon for thy gifts of cost—
Wisdom is thine, to understand
The worth of all that thou hast lost."

But the prettiest poem in the book is "The Lost Embassy," the story of a Princess who leaned from her tower window and "dropped white soft kisses by twos and threes," and asks the white butterflies to take them to her Prince, who is under the power of a spell. But the envoys drop by twos and threes on the way, for

Butterflies die where the green wood browns,
And kisses sent to enchanted towns
Never come back again.

The American Mr. Robert Bridges has a name to live up to on this side of the water, if he only knew it. But perhaps he doesn't, and that may be why he sends us so light-heartedly volumes of his rather frivolous criticism, ignoring any obligations laid on him by his name, and causing poetry-critics, who have been studying the publishers' announcements, to besiege editors with offers to write at any length on the forthcoming work of the author of "Eros and Psyche," who, they remark, is becoming productive at last. "Suppressed Chapters" (Lane) has for a sub-title "and other Bookishness," so there is little difficulty in attributing it to the less serious, otherwise the prose Mr. Robert Bridges. It contains fair samples of the lighter American talk about books. Some of it reads like selected paragraphs from the original newspaper articles. Whether this be so or not, it is an idea for journalist-critics who republish, and who generally have a most unwise habit of retaining all the dull matter of their reviews, which was perhaps necessary as information at the moment of production, but which has no permanent history at all. One virtue possessed by even the least substantial of these light papers is that they don't take books and reading too seriously. The writer has no great opinion of the man who is so much a slave to the book-habit that he would "rather read a book by some interesting invalid who likes to put her sensations on paper, than talk with a man who had slain wild beasts in a jungle or run for sheriff in a Western mining-camp."

Some of the books he remarks on were hardly worth his remarks, but his "Suppressed Chapters" show a real talent for parody. It may not be very delicate parody, but it is good. This is much more amusing and not so very much more absurd than what suggested it. The heroine is sitting in the fir-wood with a poet at her feet, to whom she tells, in "her trumpet-voice," her present knowledge of all the evil in the world. It has "disillusionised me, but it has made me strong!" "As she said this she tossed a boulder into the tumbling stream with her left hand, then placidly brushed the dust from her great fingers with one of the ribbons of her very simple but perfectly correct Paris-made gown." "'Poor fellow!'" she goes on, "softening her voice to the mellow tones of thunder; 'how many promising young men are lost because they have no sisters to warn them of the sinfulness of the great world! I'll be a sister to you, my dear boy.' 'Saved!' murmured the brook, as it tumbled along into the valley. 'Saved!' And the wind on the firs caught up the melody, and added to it, 'Saved, for she knows it all.'"

o. o.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

On the day on which I made up my mind that it was full time to be looking up some furry novelties for your edification, the heat was so July-like in its intensity that it required an effort of will to realise that the winter was in reality close upon us. However, since then the Clerk of the Weather has most considerably altered his tactics, in order, may-be, to make my advice as to furs of more interest, and now we have the memory of some bitingly cold and raw days to hurry us on our way to the International Fur Stores at Regent Street, for, of course, I went to



headquarters to obtain information on the fur question. And I wished most earnestly that the dames of bygone years who attained to their highest ambition when they were enveloped in a sack-like sealskin garment, by courtesy called a jacket, and in which everyone was reduced to the same level of ungainly ugliness as far as their figures were concerned—I wished that these unconscious martyrs could have gazed their full upon the latest sealskin coat, which outlines the figure with faithful accuracy, clinging to it with a close affection which rivals that of cloth, while its short, full basques give it an additional touch of becoming smartness, and the buttons are things of beauty and of enamel and diamonds, combined or separate. Such a sight would, I am convinced, have made them realise that they had lived out their life too soon, and, to us more favoured mortals, there must come a glow of self-congratulation, for surely never were there such good things prepared for our personal adornment.

Much as I, in common with every woman, admire and love sealskin, there is a still greater fascination about Persian lamb, which seems to lend itself to smarter designs and more daringly original effects. Just imagine, for instance, with the aid of our sketch, a coat of this latter fur, its glossy blackness set off to the very greatest advantage by a great collar and deep cuffs of the purest white leather outlined with a tiny roll-edging of the Persian lamb. This original combination is, in itself, quite sufficient to ensure the fame and fortune of the coat; but, in addition, please note that its shape is another attraction—tight-fitting at the back, and short as to the basques, while the double-breasted front is adorned with two rows of huge buttons such as have never been seen before, their round surface covered with the Persian lamb, with a cluster of wee diamonds flashing out in the centre. The effect, at a little distance, is almost that of a rosette, owing to the waved surface of the fur; but, whether near or far, there is no question as to the novelty and smartness. There is a great future before this coat, of that I am well assured; but this did not prevent me from extending my warmest admiration, and the distinction of a sketch, to a perfectly delightful sealskin cape, which made up for concealing the waist-line by being slightly caught in at each side to show a suggestion of the figure, and which was glorified by a deep collar and revers of that most fashionable of furs—chinchilla. The right rever crossed over in double-breasted fashion, and, tapering to a mere line at the waist, was caught with a great diamond buckle, from which long sash-ends of the fur fell far down the skirt, and gave a distinctive touch of originality to the

garment, which was worth more than mere warmth. And then, ousting all others by the sheer force of its own magnificence, came a regal-looking cloak of black satin, lined throughout with costliest sable, and with huge bishop's sleeves of brilliant emerald-green velvet drawn into wristbands of sable. The roll collar and cape were of the same lovely fur, and at the back, where the full pleats fell in Watteau fashion from a plain yoke, outlined with a velvet-lined frill, two little sable tails were added to give the finishing touches.

But the thought of the cost of all this splendour made me turn for consolation to the pretty and modestly priced little sable ties which are still to be worn this season, the only difference being that, instead of the head, any number of little tails are added, in some cases fringing round the whole of the little necklet, a change which, as far as I am concerned, is distinctly welcome, for there was always something barbaric and almost uncanny about those grinning little heads, whether they peered out from beneath a pretty young face or a wizened old one. As for the muffs, they are to be of the happy medium size, their exaggerated bulk not having met with great favour; so, altogether, the vista of fur fashions is in every way a pleasant one, and those who are blessed with the world's goods can also indulge in velvet costumes of emerald green or royal purple, trimmed with the silvery greyness of chinchilla—than which there is nothing more lovely—before they betake themselves to fur-lined coats and capes.

For some of us, such luxuries must remain among the inaccessible treasures to which distance only lends an added fascination, and this sad fate will probably have the same effect upon you as it did upon me—that is, turn your thoughts from sable-lined cloaks to other and more economical means of shutting out wintry colds and chills, and subsequent doctors' bills. Mine found a resting-place eventually in the contemplation of "Lanura" flannel, and, by the time I had become acquainted with its many advantages—which include wonderful softness, warmth, and lightness, and a stern refusal to shrink, let the martyrdom of washing be as fierce and often as it may—I had thought out in my mind any number of dainty garments made beautiful by means of woollen Torchon run through with brightly hued ribbon to relieve the soft neutral tints of the



undyed wool; while I am meditating on the slight extravagance of some pure silk-and-wool "Secura" for winter nightgowns. If you are of the same way of thinking, you had better follow my good example, and write the Lanura Company, Limited, of Leeds, for the nearest agent's name.

And now I must have my little say on the subject of evening-gowns, and sorry I am to see that the pretty fashion of having shoulder-straps of

[Continued on page 625.]



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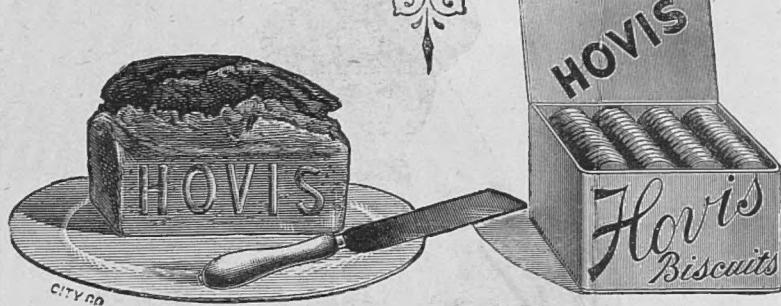
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roses or other flowers to prevent the drooping sleeves from parting company altogether with the bodice, is becoming so vulgarised and cheapened that it will have to be put altogether out of the category of possible fashions by anyone who has the slightest pretension to be considered smart. No less than four bodices did I see at the theatre the other night which bore the stamp of last season upon them in unmistakable characters; and these had been made, by persuasion and force, to pass round the shoulders instead of over them, while the place rightfully belonging to the sleeves was taken by straps of flowers, which, by their evident newness, accentuated the fading charms of the bodice. Therefore, pretty as it undoubtedly was in its first freshness, the death-knell of this particular style has been sounded, though we can, in the place of the much-abused flowers, substitute a band of softly curling ostrich-feathers, high on the shoulders, and then graduated down to the tiniest tips, to outline the décolletage. Then, of course, the sleeve of the season can by no possibility be confounded with its last year's cousin; and so we shall be safe, though the makeshifts still remain and flourish—commendable enough, as far as motive is concerned, but painful to behold.

As an antidote to their unpleasant memory, let me present you with a sketch of an ideally perfect evening-gown—one of the latest creations



of the Maison Jay—where the white satin skirt is covered in front with gold paillettes, embroidered in festoons, which hang from giant pearls, and the bodice is of the softest white lisso, draped with consummate art, and sewn all over with tiny pearls and paillettes, while the sleeves are merely straps of satin, fastened with satin bow-ends and a double frill of accordion-pleated lisso. There is just one touch of colour, given by the waistband of yellow velvet, with a pearl buckle drawing it downwards in the centre—and, after this, no peace of mind when you think of anyone but yourself being the possessor of such perfect loveliness.

FLORENCE.

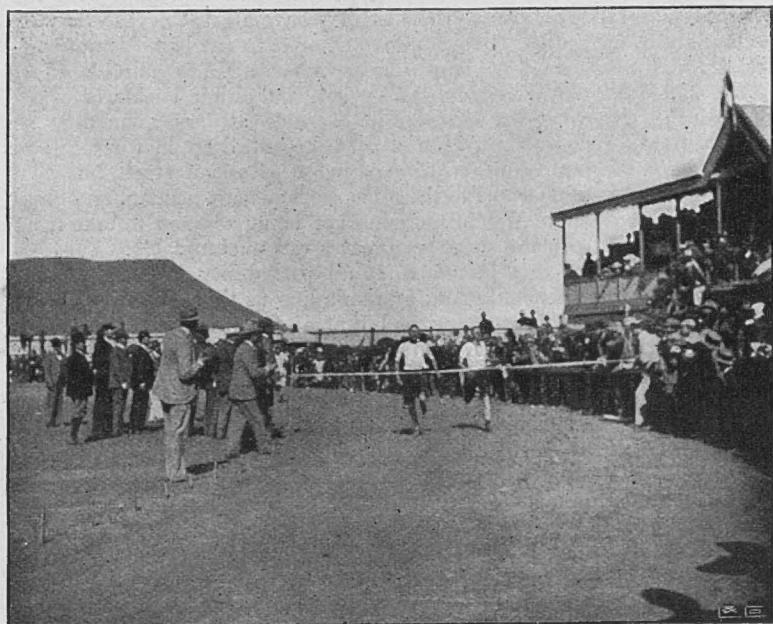
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SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photographs by A. Hargreaves, Port Elizabeth.

The South African is essentially "sporty." Here are two photographs of the sports held by the Graaff Reinet and District Cricket Club last month. They are interesting, as showing what can be done in the way



FINISH OF THE MILE HANDICAP.

of sport in a town of about six thousand inhabitants away in the middle of the Karoo, hundreds of miles from any of the large centres of the Colony. The sports are held annually, and are ever increasing in importance. Thousands of spectators gather to see them, the townspeople being augmented by hundreds from the farms of the district, many of the farmers driving their families a six hours' journey to be present at the great annual picnic. There must have been between two and three thousand spectators on the day in question. The track has been recently improved greatly, and a splendid pavilion built, with dressing-rooms, refreshment-bar, &c. The track itself is four laps to the mile, and perfectly circular, slightly



FINISH OF THE THREE MILES SCRATCH RACE.

banked all round, the surface good. The racing this year was particularly fine, several close finishes being witnessed. Marshall, the Port Elizabeth crack cyclist, won the scratch races, and took to himself a twenty-guinea gold watch for his win in the five miles; he also rode the mile in 2 min. 26 sec., Colonial record.

In connection with the marriage of Viscount Grey de Wilton, an interesting presentation was made by the tenants of the peer's Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Staffordshire estates. A very handsome silver and parcel-gilt centre-piece was selected for the gift. Two satyr figures supporting a basket, ornamented with masks and foliage, recline upon a base, decorated with carefully wrought leaves and flowers. Bas-reliefs at either front represent Fides and Pomona, and add greatly to its floral character. The centre-piece rests upon a figured ebony and silver-mounted plateau of fine workmanship. It is an exact reproduction of the original in repoussé by the late Chevalier Morel-Ladeuil, and the whole reflects great credit on Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Oct. 5, 1895.

At the moment of writing, the Stock Exchange is in a halting mood, and nobody knows quite what is going to happen. What on earth has a riot in Constantinople to do with the value of East Rand shares? we hear you say; but a moment's reflection will show you that, with the present temper of Russia and France, it may have a great deal to do with the price of everything. A European war, or even the bare idea of such a thing, which is quite possible, would mean not an unfavourable effect on prices, but the total abolition of all prices, and either Turkey or China might bring war within a measurable distance at any moment. In ordinary times, we could bear with a 10 per cent. drop in Consols, and even smile at the impossibility of disposing of Russian stock, but even the boldest of us shudder at the thought of every man, woman, and child who has stock open in the Mining market being obliged to take it up when an advance upon the share certificates was unobtainable.

It won't come to this just now, in all probability, but the present half sort of scare does us all good, by reminding us that out of the bluest sky thunderbolts sometimes come, and that, if we are prudent men, we should so regulate our affairs as to be ready for any eventuality at a pinch. Short of a scare, we see no reason for thinking that, with all Europe taking a hand in the deal, there is likely to be an end of the present mining boom for the next few weeks, at any rate.

The African market has had a bit of a shake-up, and a few weak bulls have been scared into closing their accounts, but we anticipate a smart reaction if the cloud represented by the position at Constantinople clears up during the coming week. Mr. Barnato is advising his most intimate friends to buy Barnato Consolidated, and telling them that the shares will surely see eight or nine within a reasonable time; but you must take this for what it is worth, for we can only give you the facts, and leave you and your friends to use your own discretion as to acting upon them. Adler's Consolidated promises to go better, and we advise you to buy Rand Victorias as soon as the market opens for them, as we hear very good accounts of the big block of claims (955) which the company will acquire on the dip of the Simmer and Jack. The flotation will be carried out by the Consolidated Gold-fields of South Africa, so that the concern comes from a good quarter. Langlaagte Block B and Langlaagte Star, together with New Crescens and Porge's Randfontein, appear, at present prices, to offer chances of increased capital value and solid merit; while we have it on the best authority that Sir John Willoughby has cabled to several of his friends to pick up Willoughby Consolidated, with the result that the price has improved.

Western Australia has not suffered so much as Africa in the recent slump, and, as fast as the printing-presses of a dozen firms—assisted by Linotype machines—can work, prospectuses come pouring out. We try to deal with the majority of these in our remarks on new issues, but to do so properly would take far more space than we can find. The public has learnt to discriminate a little, and when the proper people offer a really good mine there is sure to be a wild rush for shares. The Paddington Company last week offered 175,000 shares, and asked for 10s. on application, with a result that there is over a million of money in the bank awaiting the decision of the directors. Of course, a lot of rubbish is being put off, but underwriters are not getting badly "stuck" as yet, and so the game goes merrily on. We continue to hear very good accounts of Burbank's Birthday Gift, which can be bought at about 25s., and as to the future of which upon its merits we have no doubt. The market has never—as in too many cases—been manipulated; there is no pool of shares, and whatever increase in value has taken place is due to the merits of the property alone. Several jobbers tell us that Menzies Gold Estates is the cheapest thing in the market, and there is clearly room for a further rise. We believe London and Globe Finance shares would prove a good speculation, as they have not yet improved as much as West Australian Exploring and Finance, with whom the London and Globe usually works. A concern called the Darlot Exploration Company is to be shortly issued, with which Mr. Florence O'Driscoll will be connected, and we expect it will be a good thing. The Bamboo Queen, said to be the premier mine on the creek of the same name in the Pilbara Gold-field, is also to be shortly offered to the public by the Pilbara Gold-fields, Limited, whose property it is. We are told the capital will be very moderate.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE UNITED AFRICAN COLLIERIES, LIMITED, is offering, through the Mines and Banking Corporation, 175,000 shares of £1 each, of which £50,000 will be devoted to working capital, and have been already guaranteed. It therefore appears that there is no danger of going to allotment without having ample funds at disposal to develop the property. The coal is stated to be almost equal to good English coal, and the analysis made by Dr. J. Leovy bears out the report. The directors estimate an annual profit of £75,000, and, with time for reasonable development, there seems no reason to imagine that this is excessive. The list will close on Wednesday, at twelve o'clock, and the venture should prove a profitable one.

MENZIES CONSOLIDATED GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, is formed, with a capital of £225,000, in shares of £1 each, of which 75,000 are now being

issued at par. The area is large, the quarter from which it comes respectable, and we think subscribers will not regret their investment.

D. JONES DICKENSON AND CO., LIMITED, is offering £40,000 of 6 per cent. preference shares and £55,000 of ordinary shares, of £1 each. This is an industrial concern which promises to pay well, but for which the market will probably always be a local one in South Wales. But for this objection, we think the company is a good investment.

THE MOUNT TORRENS GOLD-MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, is a South Australian venture, about which the less said the better. The Government has helped the old proprietors to the tune of £1000; but, although good results are promised in the future, very little is said about the past, and our readers may safely "pass by on the other side," unless they wish to play the good Samaritan and heap up for themselves treasures in—well, some remote future state where *The Sketch* does not circulate.

THE BULTFONTEIN SUN DIAMOND-MINE, LIMITED, is offering 60,000 £1 shares. It is a speculative venture, about which even the expert can only say that he believes the property will pay well from the nature of the formation.

THE RHODESIAN MINERAL PROPERTIES, LIMITED, is inviting subscriptions for 120,000 shares of £1 each. It is an ambitious venture, which proposes to acquire 543 gold claims in Matabeleland, 133 claims in the Lower Gwelo district, 170 claims in the Upper Shangani district, 40 claims in the Buluwayo district, and 100 coal areas some distance from Buluwayo. For those who like plenty of chances for their money this concern will be a godsend, but we prefer quality to quantity, and should not care to have our money invested in the undertaking—apart from premium-hunting, of course.

THE WELD-HERCULES GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, wants the public to subscribe for 40,000 shares of £1 each. The property consists of four mines, or 41 acres in all, situated in the Murchison Gold-field. Everything depends on Mr. J. A. Skerthly, whose report seems practically to be the prospectus.

THE WORLD'S TREASURE, LIMITED, will be out on Thursday next, and applicants will probably do well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVICE.—(1) We think well of this Railway. The people connected with the Chartered Company are in it, and we believe that they will do their best to force the traffic when the line gets up to the Chartered Company's territory. The concern has been built on money raised by debentures, and the shares represent the profit made by the promoters; but, in spite of this, we say they are a good speculative lock-up. (2) We think not. (3) We don't think much of it. The gentleman you name as a director would not inspire us with confidence. If there is a rush for a concern, you, as an outsider, stand a chance of getting a small allotment by applying for a few shares. (4) No. (5) We should prefer Barnato Consolidated or Porge's Randfontein. (6) You might do worse than the copper shares you name at the price. Buy a few Linotype shares for a speculation.

J. P. G.—We hope you have got our private answer. As a speculation we think they are likely to see higher prices, but we should sell and reinvest the money in Linotype shares if the money were our own.

UNIQUE.—The concern you name was promoted by the Universal Stock Exchange, and has risen with the West Australian boom. The promoters naturally advised their clients to buy, and so relieved themselves. What can you hold but share certificates? We don't understand what you imagine you could get as evidence that you were a shareholder. We should not care about doing business with the people you name, especially after the cases they have had in the law courts this year, but, as you are sure to deal with some outside broker, they are as good, or better, than the majority.

A. H.—We have looked at these papers, and posted them to you, as requested. Your cousin will probably lose her money, but we don't see how she can get out. We should not swap South Londonderry for Great De Kaap, but you would do well to sell the former, and buy Burbank's Birthday Gift, which we know is really good, price about 25s. We can get no price for Evans and Allen shares, but there may be a local market, and we advise you to inquire through your banker. If you can get out without loss, sell.

W. F.—Apply for anything brought out by the West Australian Exploring and Finance. We understand there is a really good Gympie mine coming out in a few weeks.

AFRICANUS.—The two papers you describe as a little "off colour" we should say were very much so, and we hope you will not be influenced by them. We return your papers, and think the directors protest too much for the concern to be much good.

SCOTUS.—You are a day too late for the fair. If you had read our articles with interest, why did you not buy Van Ryns, Consolidated Gold-fields, Chartered, or the other things we recommended? There is solid value in many Africans, but prices are very high now. If you want a cut in, try Barnato Consolidated, Porge's Randfontein, or New Crescens. The only danger we see is a European row over Turkey, or some such trouble.

E. H. H.—(1) The concern which asks you to subscribe to the West Australian Corporation you name has a hand in its promotion, and will, of course, make a profit out of getting the public to take up the shares. (2) The Joint Stock Institute is another name for Mr. Horatio Bottomley. (3) We should take the profit. (4 and 5) A pure matter of opinion, but we don't like either company.

J. S. B.—(1) The *Statist* is as good as any, and reliable. (2, 3, and 4) We would not touch either of these with a barge-pole. (5) We have nothing good enough to recommend at the price you name just now. Six months ago we could have found you a dozen.

ALEXIS.—In the present state of the market we prefer Johannesburg Consolidated Investment, but there is great risk at present prices. See our answer to "Scotus."

JESMOND.—It is a speculation, but we should hold for a bit better—don't be too greedy.

STEWARD.—The local Press has been "squared" with advertisements, most likely. We think Nos. 1 and 3 are speculations which may give good results. No. 2 we don't like, and No. 4 is a solid concern which, if we had money to lock up, we would willingly hold. Buy Burbank's Birthday Gift shares and lock them up for six months. Barnato Consolidated on the recent drop are worth picking up, and we have good information about Linotype shares, which, we believe, will pay you big interest and show a considerable rise in value. Bovril shares will pay you over six per cent.

M. L. P.—We have sent you the information you require by private letter and hope it has reached you.